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November 1913

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

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White

Judson Flagg
(Mario Majeroni)

Aline Graham
(Chrystal Herne)

Act II. Aline: "Let me see it myself, please"

SCENE IN GEORGE SCARBOROUGH'S MELODRAMA, "AT BAY," AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

White Lyn Harding Janet Beecher Roxane Barton

Act II. Miss Looe tells the artist all about the plans for burying him in Westminster Abbey

SCENE IN ARNOLD BENNETT'S PLAY, "THE GREAT ADVENTURE," AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

SHUBERT. "HAMLET." Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Produced on October 2d last with the following cast:

Cladius ..... Walter Ringham	Bernardo ..... Richard Andean
Hamlet ..... J. Forbes-Robertson	Francisco ..... R. Ericson
Horatio ..... S. A. Cookson	Reynaldo ..... Eric Aldeney
Polonius ..... Ian Robertson	First Player ..... Robert Atkins
Laertes ..... Charles Graham	Second Player ..... G. Richardson
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.. Percy Rhodes	First Gravedigger ..... H. Athol Forde
Fortinbras ..... Grendor. Bentley	Second Gravedigger ..... S. T. Pearce
Rosencranz ..... Montague Rutherfurd	Priest ..... R. Montagu
Guildenstern ..... E. A. Ross	Gertrude ..... Adeline Bourne
Osric ..... George Hayes	Player Queen ..... Maude Buchanan
Marcellus ..... A. Roberts	Ophelia ..... Gertrude Elliott

It was an English monarch who knighted the most picturesque, intelligent and artistic player in his kingdom. It was an American public, by its appreciative response and its vulgar dollars, that made it possible for that talented actor to play the rôles worthy his intuitive gifts and his splendid professional experience. For let the lay mind know that Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson served his novitiate under the greatest histrionic adept of modern times, the late Samuel Phelps, the idol of Islington, the greatest protagonist of Shakespeare that ever lived.

It is a well-known fact that Forbes-Robertson, as he prefers to be billed, made a fortune in this country in Jerome K. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back," the part of which he is determined to risk in exploiting himself before his near professional retirement in rôles that call for all the histrionic best that is within him.

It was fitting, therefore, that the new and very beautiful Sam S. Shubert Theatre should be dedicated by a performance of "Hamlet," with the English knight in the inky cloak of the Prince of Denmark. It is to be hoped that so noble a playhouse will always be associated with productions of such distinction.

It is ten years since Forbes-Robertson played Hamlet in this city. The impression which he originally created was one of profound theatrical moment. For poetry and beauty he was universally accepted as the one to take up the mantle Edwin Booth had laid down. Has a decade worked any change in this impersonation?

The voice is still there, the voice that Shelley declares:

Makes giddy the dim brain, faint
With intoxication of keen joy.

And what real mental rapture it is to hear the Shakespearean verse expressed with such refined intonation, distinction, expression, and above all, with the vivid mentality that lurks behind.

The outward bearing is still the same, a Prince. Yet to those who saw it before it is not quite what it was, nor is it quite as good. Has not a certain fussiness of movement and gesticulation crept in to take the place of that classic serenity that marked the first performances? Have not some of the most predominant features, and the worst, forgiven because they were so personal in Irving, become now a part of a characterization that hitherto was beautiful in its simplicity? If force and vigor at moments be lacking, let Time upon its shoulders take the charge.

Yet this later want makes Forbes-Robertson's performance nearer the Goethe idea than it was before; because if criticism hold play his sophistication now is offset by the want of physical capacity. But for those who love the poet of the centuries, let them see this impersonation. It's equal is not extant. When comes there such another?

The setting of the tragedy is an admirable one. Gertrude Elliott is a gracious Ophelia and since Edwin Varrey at his best there has been no such Polonius as Ian Robertson presents. Every point is made and no time wasted. The Heavens be praised! Percy Rhodes is consistently sonorous as the Ghost; there is a spirited First Player in Robert Atkins and a well-dictioned Queen in Adeline Bourne. The first gravedigger was admirably done by H. Athol Forde, and the others were competent.

EMPIRE. "THE WILL." Play in three scenes by Sir J. M. Barrie. Produced on September 29th with this cast:

Mr. Devizes, Sr., Frank Cooper; Mr. Devizes, Jr., Fred. Eric; Philip Ross, John Drew; Surtees, Sidney Herbert; Sennet, Walter Soderling; Creed, Murray Ross; Mrs. Ross, Mary Boland.

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MARY BOLAND AND JOHN DREW IN SCENES 1 AND 2 OF "THE WILL"

J. M. Barrie promises to be an important factor in this year's theatrical season. Already one of his playlets has had a hearing, several more are promised, and as a *chasse,* not to be confounded in a literal sense with a "chaser," Sir James' little piece in three scenes, "The Will," follows Mr. Chambers' comedy. If you like Barrie, everything he turns out is good, and many swear by him. But like all able and clever writers, Mr. Barrie does not always sound his deepest or truest note. And truth must out that there is not very much to "The Will," save to show Mr. Drew that he can "Milestones"-like present Philip Ross, first as a man in the twenties, secondly as a knight of forty, and third and lastly as a disgusted and disgruntled man of sixty. And for this protean exhibition a thread of a story carries him through. The dominant note of it all, if there is such a thing, is cynical. For in the first scene, where the struggling young clerk makes his will, leaving, with the exception of two meagre legacies, all to his young wife, who fears death at the very mention of the word "will," what follows shows the changes that success, pride and disappointment bring about in the human character. All of this has to be very lightly sketched, and it would truthfully seem that changes of wigs and clothes do more to bring it about than words in well-phrased sentences. Mr. Drew is very satisfying in his triple assumption. It is sound, good character work. The senior member of the firm that draws the will is played by Frank Kemble Cooper, whose two differentiations of the same part further demonstrated how much an actor owes to experience and hard work. Sidney Herbert is able, as he always is, in a minor rôle. Mary Boland is pleasingly clinging as the Mrs. Ross of the opening episode.

EMPIRE "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS." Comedy in four acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Revived on September 29th with this cast:

Mr. Parbury, John Drew; George Gunning, Julian L'Estrange; Col. Armitage, Herbert Druce; Evans, Walter Soderling; Mrs. Parbury, Laura Hope Crews; Miss Hyacinth Woodward, Mary Boland.

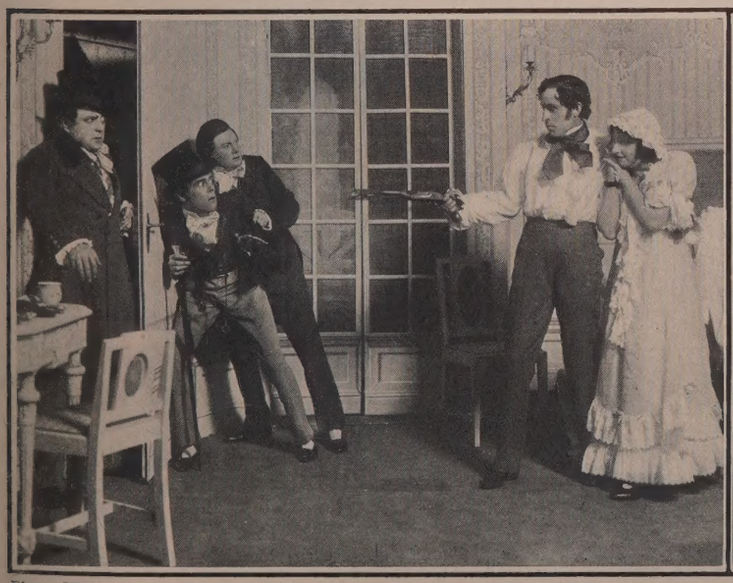
John Drew is himself alone, which means if he is cast for a certain type of character he is pre-eminently happy and successful. Two-thirds of the new bill at the Empire presents him in this light, Mr. Parbury, in that delightful comedy of modern manners, "The Tyranny of Tears," by C. Haddon Chambers. What matters it if this piece was first presented on the local stage some nineteen years ago? And, further, why should it concern that if a certain French comediette, called "Les Femmes qui pleurent," had not been written years before that, Mr. Chambers' variation might never have seen the footlights?

"The Tyranny of Tears" has stood well the test of years. The limited number of characters which tell its story are all very human and everyday. Sketched, too, with nice literary distinction and discerning capacity it provides cheerful entertainment.

As the misunderstood husband, whose exacting wife resorts to tears whenever she does not get her own immediate way, Mr. Drew is deliciously droll, competent, suave and humorous. Mrs. Parbury, as played by Laura Hope Crews, is nice characterization, for unless handled with sensitive tact a false and repelling note is struck. Her selfish father is humorously portrayed by Herbert Druce, and the attractive amenuensis is attractively presented by Mary Boland.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "AT BAY." Play in four acts by George Scarborough. Produced on October 7th with this cast:

Hattie .....Phyllis Young
Gordon Graham.....George Howell
Aline Graham.....Chrystal Herne
Capt. Lawrence Holbrook..Guy Standing
Father Shannon.....Walter Horton
Judson Flagg.....Mario Majeroni
Robert Dempster.....Edwin Mordant
Tommy Gilbert.....S. E. Hines
Albert Jones.....Freeman Barnes
Donnel .....Edward Lehay
Inspector MacIntyre.....Chas. Mason
Joe Hunter.....Fred Hilton
Bernedino .....John Herne
Dr. Francis Elliott.....Harry Hadfield



Photos White

Vaughan Trevor Edward Ellis
Holbrook Blinn Lewis Edgard Emelie Polini

Clarice d'Aubiac (Miss Polini): "Thieves! Robbers!"

SCENE IN "THE BRIDE," AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

Emelie Polini Holbrook Blinn

Willie Strick (Mr. Blinn): "You are mine, Vashti, you are mine!"

SCENE IN "THE BLACK MASK" AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

Copyright, 1913, Charles Frohman
GRACE GEORGE IN "HALF AN HOUR" AT THE LYCEUM

Mr. Scarborough has followed up his very unpleasant play of vice, "The Lure," with a very pleasant one about a persecuted maiden, a lawyer who sought to blackmail her, and an Irish lover-hero, who has a musical voice and all kinds of ingenuity in bringing to nought every untoward combination of circumstances. "At Bay" is a very good title, too. The story is the old melodramatic thing, but it is well managed, with considerable novelty in the details and with a certain refinement of treatment. The play is good entertainment. The daughter of a district attorney, the scene being in Washington, refuses the suit of a young Irish adventurer, for such the captivating man is. There is much mystery about him. He has been in the Philippines, he has been everywhere, and is now representing certain revolutionists, which is not particularly to the point. What is to the point is that he suspects that the reason why the girl rejects him is inconsistent with her confessed love for him and that she is controlled by some secret. She had been married secretly to a young journalist, who had abandoned her and was killed in some foreign adventure. She had been made to believe that the marriage was a false one. She had written compromising letters to this man. A blackmailing lawyer has her call on him. He refuses to give up the compromising letter on her pleading. She must pay him one thousand dollars or yield her person to him. He has a system of taking a flashlight photograph by pressing a button. He takes a photograph of her in his room. He forces himself on her; she stabs him with a sharp file which she seizes from his desk as he embraces her. He falls back in his chair dead. The girl's Irish adventurer-lover comes to the rooms with the officers who are investigating the murder. He discovers the clues that would lead to the girl and conceals them from the police. He, by a trick, slips the slide from the camera as he gives a cigar to the policeman who has it in charge. He procures the compromising letter. His activities set the authorities to suspecting him. Thus it goes from one situation to another until the police think they have cornered him. He has had the girl conceal herself in an adjoining room; her father demands that the door be opened. Situation. The play rapidly closes with explanations. The girl had not been falsely married; her husband had died, and in dying had confessed to the present Irish lover. The blackmailing lawyer had not been killed, but had died of heart trouble. The various climaxes of the play are effective.

While the situations have their thrill, the secret of the charm of the play is in the acting. Mr. Guy Standing has found himself in a comedy part, with a slight brogue and a dashing way about him that recalls the acting of other days when characters of this kind, dashing and romantic, were well in hand on the stage. The parts are all good acting parts. There is a Priest, a Philippine Servant, a District Attorney and policeman of various types and grades, with the blackmailing attorney, and others. Miss Chrystal Herne, as the much-tried heroine, was never at better advantage. She does not have to act much to give the impression of earnest innocence.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "To-day." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst and Abraham S. Schomer. Produced on October 6th last with the following cast:

Frederick Wagner.....Edwin Arden	Mrs. Garland..Theresa Maxwell Conover
Heinrick Wagner.....Gus Weinburg	Emma Wagner.....Alice Gale
Butler .....Charles Pitt	Mrs. Farrington.....Marie Wainwright
Lily Wagner.....Emily Stevens	Maid .....Margaret Robinson

Society is scourged in a play called "To-day," taken over by a new producing company from one of the Yiddish theatres, where under the title of "Style" it had great popularity as a work of skill, revealing the customs of that politer society to the north in this great city which knows nothing of the virtues of the east side. Of course, it is a misconception, and a pitiful outlook it is for any of our adopted fellow citizens to harbor. The gist of the whole thing is that, for the most part, the well-bred and fashionably gowned women of society, if they are without means for their display, obtain the means by cultivating the friendship of men of money provided by procuresses. It is too absurd to be offensive. Absurdity defeats perhaps honest but mistaken intent. If the author had made his play not an arraignment of American society, but a study of a foolish and frivolous woman, he might have had a play worth while. As it is, there is no refinement of observation, no individuality, but only the supposed type of American women at large. The only decency is in the foreign-

born. The father and the mother of the outraged husband are lovable people. In the fatherland, according to them, everybody is honest, in business as well as in the home. The play is a good study of life and character in a superficial way, but it lacks dramatic interest except in the last act. A scene in which an irate and outraged husband is about to kill his wife is necessarily far up in the register of thrills. In this case the husband disorders the personal appearance of his wife considerably, and is then led off by his philosophical parents, models of all the foreign virtues, and leaves his wife in a tragic state of mind, committed to the life she had fallen into, although not exactly chosen. The outcome of the story is foreseen from the beginning. Miss Emily Stevens really carried the action. Her task, however, was hopeless. Mr. Edwin Arden's undertaking was impossible. He is capable of acting pretty much anything, but if there is nothing back of it, it remains acting, and acting only. Marie Wainwright really had the truer opportunity of any of them. She was the keeper of the fashionable apartments kept for the use of women who barter for clothes. The scene between her and Arden was a capital bit of acting. The German parents in this play were well represented by two very capable actors, who very materially helped to the impression that there is no sin on the east side.

LYCEUM. "THE YOUNGER GENERATION." Comedy in three acts by Stanley Houghton. Produced on September 25th with this cast:

James Henry Kennion, Stanley Drewitt; Mrs. Kennion, Rose Beaudet; Maggie, Kitty Brown; Reggie Kennion, Clinton Preston; Grace Kennion, Katherine MacPherson; Thomas Kennion, Ernest Lawford; Mr. Leadbitter, Robert S. Entwistle; Mr. Fowle, Alfred R. Dight; Arthur Kennion, Rex McDougal; Mrs. Hannah Kennion, Ida Waterman.

If good writing, splendid stage management and finished acting are still appreciated in this borough, then the new double bill at the Lyceum is in for a long and profitable run. The combination of Stanley Houghton and J. M. Barrie in the makeup of a programme gives admirable promise, which in this case is really fulfilled. Houghton would seem to be one of the coming English dramatists. "Hindle Wakes" and "Fancy Free" are from the pen of this young author, who displays on every side qualities of invention, observation and the capacity to put them into brilliant and effective stage shape. "The Younger Generation" deals with the revolt of youth against the stern prejudices, religious and social, of a strict non-conformist father and mother. The scene is laid in one of the suburbs of Manchester, and in style and treatment and fine characterization resembles "Rutherford and Son" and "Bunty Pulls the Strings." The character drawing is quite remarkable. There is true individuality in the dialogue apportioned to each rôle. They are living types, and even though the conditions and the surroundings are not overfamiliar to local theatre-goers, the application is so general that the appeal meets with instant recognition. The prim, puritanical father is played with grim dryness by Stanley Drewitt, and the wife, complacent to her husband's stern view of life, is expressed with sweet, motherly feeling by Rose Beaudet. Then there is the grandmother, a still sterner figure of a life that used to be, the woman dictator of the son and his grown-up household, acted with fine distinction and austerity by Ida Waterman. How delicious is her action when she marshals all but the juvenile rebels

Photos copyright, 1913, Charles Frohman

1. Venita Fitzhugh and Donald Brian singing "June is in the Air." 2. Percival Knight, Carroll McComas, Venita Fitzhugh and Donald Brian singing "Hand in Hand"

SCENES IN "THE MARRIAGE MARKET," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

for the pilgrimage to the chapel. Ernest Lawford plays an emancipated member of the family, an uncle whose long stay abroad has given him a wider point of view, with easy humor and philosophical fluency. The rebellious juvenile trio is a well differentiated lot. Arthur, the oldest son, who insists on a latch-key and gets tight to show his independence, is engagingly portrayed by Rex McDougal; his younger brother, Reggie, who wants to go to the colonies and see something of life, is spiritedly acted by Clinton Preston, and it is a real English girl who wishes to select her own husband that Katherine MacPherson portrays as Gracie. Then, to round out an almost perfect cast, we have a manly young fellow of her choice in Nigel Barry, a very comely and sophisticated maid in Kitty Brown, and two individual local types capitally played by Robert S. Entwistle and Alfred R. Dight.

LYCEUM. "HALF AN HOUR." Play in three scenes by J. M. Barrie. Produced on September 25th with the following cast:

Lillian Garson.....Grace George	Withers .....S. Dudley
Mr. Garson.....H. E. Herbert	Mr. Redding.....Alfred R. Dight
Hugh Paton.....Nigel Barry	Mrs. Redding.....Daisy Belmore
Doctor Brodie.....Stanley Drewitt	Susie .....Ruth Boyce

In "Half an Hour" it would seem as though J. M. Barrie had fallen under the spell of Guy de Maupassant. His tabloid drama in three scenes is quite in the vein of the great French writer of short stories. It possesses all the latter's qualities of dramatic grip, concentrated essence of suspense and cynical treatment. As a contrast to "Peter Pan" it is indeed a veritable extreme. But like all Englishmen who venture to ape their brothers across the channel, there is a certain brutish touch when the ethical and social niceties are under discussion. "Half an Hour" is not a dramatic gem, flawless, either in

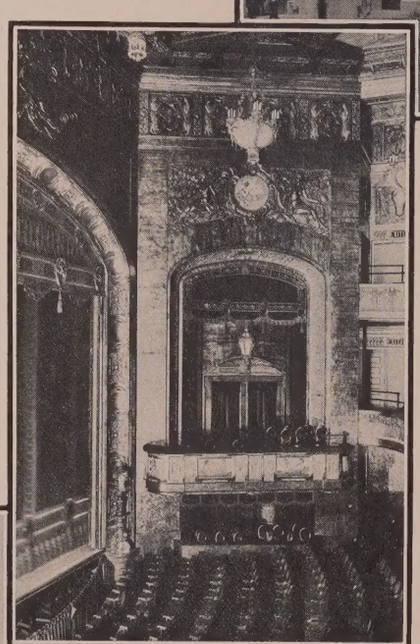
(*Continued on page xiv*)

New York's Newest Theatres

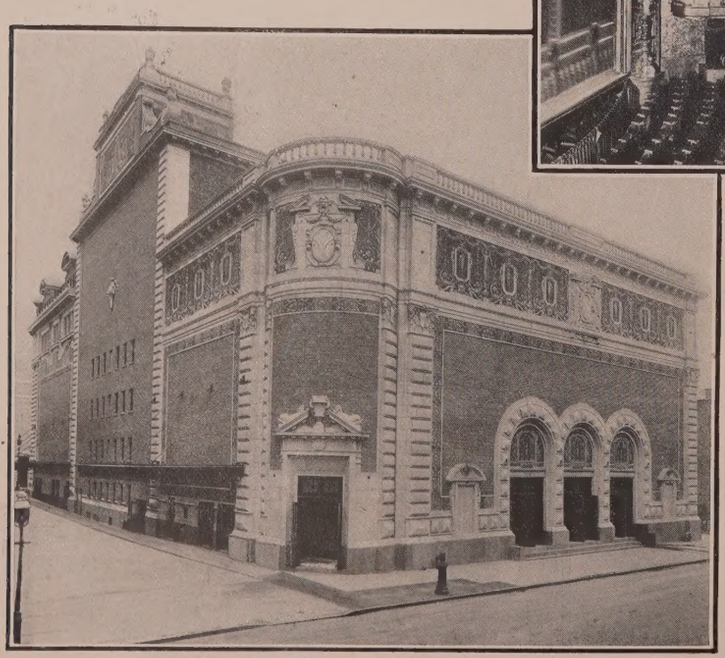
NEW YORK has already so many theatres that it hardly seems possible that there can be room for more. Yet two splendid new playhouses were thrown open to the public in Manhattan recently. One, built by Winthrop Ames, is called The Booth, to commemorate the interest which Mr. Ames' father had in the old Booth Theatre, which was situated at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, as well as to pay a tribute to America's greatest actor. The theatre contains many souvenirs of Booth, as, for instance, the armchair which Booth had in his greenroom at the old Booth Theatre, and in which he used to sit between the acts. A statue of Booth, the only copy of the famous one at the Players' Club, is in the promenade foyer, and the walls are hung with bills announcing Booth's appearance at various American theatres.

The other, the Shubert Theatre, named in commemoration of the achievements of the late Sam S. Shubert, is a fitting monument erected by one devoted brother to the memory of the other. The informal opening a few weeks ago was the occasion of an afternoon tea and reception tendered to Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson. It was an interesting assemblage of persons prominent in New York's theatrical, literary and journalistic circles. De Wolf Hopper acted as chairman, Julia Marlowe read a greeting from E. H. Sothern, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson spoke. George MacFarlane rendered a number of vocal selections.

Photo Tebbs-Hyman
Exterior of the new Shubert Theatre



Interior of the new Shubert Theatre



Exterior of the new Booth Theatre

The Shubert Theatre is situated on the north side of Forty-fourth Street, west of Broadway, and is separated from the Hotel Astor by a private roadway running north and south from Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth Street. Although it is under the same roof as the Booth Theatre, it is, however, an entirely distinct building, not only in its internal separation from the other structure, but also in its style of interior decoration and other particulars. Both theatres are built in the same style of architecture, which is described as Venetian renaissance, with certain modern adaptations. The most striking feature of the exterior is the use of hand-carved sgrafitto for decorating purposes. On account of new laws, which make it impossible to have any part of a structure project beyond the building line, architects have been much troubled to find methods of theatre decoration. Mr. Henry B. Herts, the architect, is the first man to have used sgrafitto for this purpose.

The interior of The Booth is unique. The auditorium is large and spacious, with ample facilities for foyers and reception rooms. Several novel features of theatrical architecture are seen for the first time, notably a wall which partitions off the entrance from the body of the house, preventing outside sounds and drafts from coming directly to the auditorium. The reception room is a further development of Mr. Ames' idea of the French foyer, and is one of the features of the new house. The lounge on the lower floor is somewhat similar to the much-discussed tea-room of The Little Theatre, and is intended as a *salon de conversation.*

Longfellow's "Evangeline" Staged

WHEN a manager starts out with an earnest poetical purpose on which he lavishly expends his treasure and time, it is an ungracious task to have to set down against it the word failure. It is, of course, impossible and manifestly unfair to state positively in advance what the final verdict of the public will be, yet who can predict popular success for "Evangeline," Thomas W. Broadhurst's stage version of Longfellow's immortal poem of the Acadians and their sympathetic troubles? It is Mr. Arthur Hopkins who made this lavish production, and it was his daring originality that won out when he first presented "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Purely allegorical as that piece was, he probably felt in view of its success, that there still was an imaginative following to draw from and that to the field of poetry it might be possible to tempt this clientèle as a relief, at least, from the unlimited procession of crooks and courtesans now so monopolizing the stage.

Of the virtues of this production, let the scenic investiture, the costumes, the pictures and the stage management be first approached. A German staged "Evangeline," Gustav Von Seyffertitz, well known for the splendid work he originally did at the Deutsches Theater. It was not the scenic symbolism of the Rheinhardt school that he dealt with, but solid, beautiful scenery that required dexterous lighting and perfect use of the value of perspective. Crowds had to be massed and handled; effects derived from ingenuity and taste. In each field he more than succeeded. He triumphed. Nothing more impressive than the scene on The Beach, with Grand-Pré burning as a climax, has been seen on the local boards since Irving brought his artistic talents to bear in bringing poetical visualization to its height. Unitt and Wickes, who painted, with one exception, the scenery, added positively to their high reputation as artists. William Furst's dignified and illuminative music also lent value to the production.

The company, a big one, was admirable in its entirety and brilliant in spots. The title rôle was assumed by Edna Goodrich. She was a lovely picture as the Acadian maiden and moved with really beautiful serenity and quiet grace through the happier scenes. Later, she expressed, even in "the slow, long agony of patience," the calm, exquisite motion which embodies the spirit of Evangeline. Her reading was intelligent and lucid. That her success was not more considerable was due to the unvarying monotony of the medium in which she worked. Richard Buhler was slightly heavy as Gabriel, the lover; but his father, Basil Lajeunesse, was acted with fine, breezy fervor and genuine feeling by David Torrence. The acted by John Harrington, had dignity and the village notary, as portrayed by father of Evangeline as George Gaston, was instinct with discreet but effective humor. There was a gentle, kindly air to Frank Andrews' Father Felician and a spirited Toinette in the person of Mabel Mortimer.

White Evangeline Benedict

EDNA GOODRICH AND JOHN HARRINGTON IN "EVANGELINE"

White Edna Goodrich as Evangeline

Longfellow's beautiful introduction to his poem, beginning with the lines:

"This is the forest primeval"

served as a prologue and was delivered with true elocutionary value by Edith Yeager, while an equally successful declamatory effect was Lillian Kingsbury's reading of the Indian legend of Lilinau.

Mr. Broadhurst has ingeniously woven into his text many of the beautiful lines, similes, and sentences of Longfellow and his own contributions are poetical in spirit and execution, but the tale of the parted lovers, and the woman's persistent search for her beloved, only to be defeated at every point, provide little that is dramatic and much that is hopelessly reiterative in its unrelieved gloom.

The curtain rises in "the forest primeval—indistinct in the twilight." This scene is beautifully done. There are shadows and indistinct outlines, lights and shades, dim vistas, density and depth—an atmosphere that provides immediately a correct and a poetical setting.

Above "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" is heard the voice of the Spirit of Acadie, who makes her appeal to the audience:

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy."

Then begins the play. We are shown the happy home life of the Acadians—the thatch-roofed houses, quaint gables and dormer-windows. The Acadians assemble to hear the royal proclamation of exile. The second act shows the beach scene. The third act shows the wanderings of Evangeline until at last, after many years, she meets her beloved Gabriel dying in the almshouse. The play was withdrawn from the stage of the Park Theatre on October 11th, but after a brief reorganization it will be given further performances on the road. The cast of the piece as given here was as follows:

Spirit of Acadie, Edith Yeager; Rene LeBlanc, George Gaston; Baptiste LeBlanc, Ralph Bunker; Father Felician, Frank Andrews; Gabriel Lajeunesse, Richard Buhler; Benedict Bellefontaine, John Harrington; Basil Lajeunesse, David Torrence; Jean, Clifford Devereux; Pierre, Edmund Mortimer; Michael, Charles Withers; Toinette, Mabel Mortimer; Louise, Suzanne Perry; Marie, Margaret Howe; Sergeant, William W. Crimans; Colonel John Winslow, Robert Forsyth; Jesuit Priest, Allen Scott; Guide, John Hunter Booth; The Shawnee, Lillian Kingsbury; The Quaker Nurse, Nell King; Isabel Henderson; Evangeline, Edna Goodrich.

Copyright Mishkin
Margarete Matzenauer

Copyright Mishkin
Sophie Breslau
(New)

Luigi Marini
(New)

Copyright Mishkin
Lilian Eubank
(New)

Copyright Dupont
Frances Alda

AT THE OPERA

WITH an ever-increasing appetite for music—chiefly good music—and with an active digestion for opera, concert and recitals, New York music lovers seem to have baited impresarios and managers into planning a season that is bound to eclipse everything that has gone before it. Year after year, the music-loving public is informed that each coming season is going to be greater and larger than the previous ones. The adjectives suggest in a way the phraseology of one Tody Hamilton; but, considering the increased size of the musical offering each year, there remains little else to do but to lapse into superlatives. Each year, thus far, predictions have come true, and this year they are doubly bound to meet with fulfilment.

It really does not require an oracle—much less a music critic, however, to foresee or (if there were such a word) to forehear the abundance of music that is in store for all of us who live, run and listen. Not since the days and nights, about five years ago, when Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House was still in the commission of grand opera, and when the New Theatre was housing a worthy but financially disastrous attempt at opéra comique—not since those days has there been such an amazing amount of grand opera as there will be this season.

There will be no less than four grand opera companies active here. The Metropolitan Opera House will begin its season on November 17, and continue for twenty-three weeks; Oscar Hammerstein is erecting a new opera house on Lexington Avenue and Fiftieth Street, to be called American National Grand Opera House, where he will give a season of about twenty weeks, commencing some time in November; the Chicago Opera Company will give a limited number of performances of grand opera at the Metropolitan during the course of the season, and finally, the Century Opera Company has been and is giving a thirty-five week season of popular opera at the Century Opera House—the building once known as the New Theatre.

The Metropolitan will average seven performances a week, Oscar Hammerstein will average eight performances weekly, and the Century Opera Company are giving nine performances. Simple arithmetic produces a total of twenty-four weekly performances of grand opera in New York for a period of twenty weeks at least, occasionally supplemented by the visits of the Chicago Opera Company, which will drive the total up an additional notch.

Whether it is humanly possible for New Yorkers to hear so much grand opera and still survive it; whether it is possible for the various managers to give so much opera and still have energy and money enough to face the world at the end of the season—these problems do not enter into the argument of a forecast such as this. Suffice it to prove that New York is to have more grand opera than ever before.

The Metropolitan Opera prospectus holds forth promise of an unusually interesting season. Five new works are to be produced: "Der Rosenkavalier," by Richard Strauss, none of whose operas have been sung at the Metropolitan since the withdrawal of "Salome" during the Conried régime; "Julien," by Gustave Charpentier, composer of "Louise"—and this *première* will be attended by the composer, who is coming from Paris to superintend the rehearsal of his new work; "L'Amore Medico," by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, whose "Inquisitive Women" is in the present Metropolitan répertoire and whose new opera is based upon Molière's comedy, "L'Amour Médecin"; "L'Amour deitre Re," by Italo Montemezzi, libretto by the famous dramatic author, Sem Benelli, and "Madeleine," an opera in English by Victor Herbert, libretto by Grant Stewart.

This being a Verdi centennary there will be important revivals of that master's operas, including "Falstaff," which was neglected last season, and "Un Ballo in Maschera." Another important offering will be a revival of "Carmen," with Miss Farrar in the title rôle and Mr. Caruso as Don José. Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," Boito's "Mefistofèle," and Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell," are also among the older works that are to be sung and garbed anew. Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen" is to have an entirely new scenic dress and is to be given as a cycle at a series of special matinées.

So far as the artistic forces of the Metropolitan are concerned, most of last season's favorites will return—Caruso, Fremstad, Farrar, Des-

(Continued on page xiii)

Rudolf Berger as Lohengrin
(New)

Margarete Ober as Fricka
(New)

Copyright Mishkin Enrico Caruso in "Tosca"

Louise Homer in "Boris Godunoff"

Mishkin Giovanni Martinelli in "La Traviata"

Frieda Hempel

Johanna Gadski as Brunnhilde

Lucrezia Bori in "Don Pasquale"

Emmy Destinn in "Aida"

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Geraldine Farrar in "Madama Butterfly"

Olive Fremstad in "Tosca"

OPERATIC FAVORITES WHO WILL BE HEARD AT THE METROPOLITAN THIS SEASON

Sir James M. Barrie

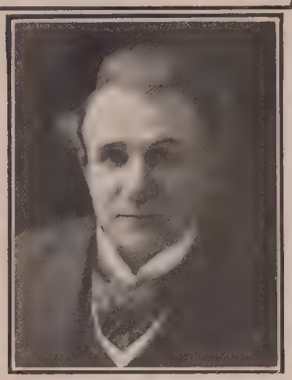
Margaret Mayo

Augustus Thomas

Martha Morton

George Broadhurst

Avery Hopwood



Charles Klein

Big Earnings of Big Plays

WRITING for the stage, once such a discredited and even perilous occupation that authors hesitated to sign their names to their manuscripts, has come to be one of the most reputable and profitable of the professions. A successful playwright's income to-day is considerably larger than that of the President of the United States.

Clyde Fitch, during the eighteen years he was writing plays, made in royalties $1,500,000, or an average of over $80,000 a year; Charles Klein, from 1906, when he made his first big killing with "The Lion and the Mouse," up to the present time, has received in royalties $700,000, or an average of $100,000 a year; James M. Barrie, who, until he dramatized his "Little Minister" in 1896, did not know he could write a play, has been paid in royalties considerably over $3,000,000, or an average of $175,000 a year. Charles Frohman paid him $500,000 in royalties for "The Little Minister" alone. Since then he must have received a good deal more than that for "Peter Pan" and his other plays.

Barrie has probably made more money in less time at the playwriting game than any other dramatist now before the public; yet had it not been for a chance inquiry by an outsider it might never have occurred to the Scotch author that playmaking is a more lucrative business than novel writing. Up to the year 1896 Barrie was known only as a novelist. In this country book lovers had enjoyed his "Window in Thrums," his "My Lady Nicotine," and "The Little Minister." This latest novel had an extraordinary sale, but no one saw in it any possibilities as a play until one day a scenario for a dramatization of the book was submitted to the late A. M. Palmer. Never very enthusiastic about experiments, and prone to procrastination at all times, Mr. Palmer was only mildly interested. In view of the novel's popularity, he conceded that there might be something in it for a play, but the dramatization was unauthorized. First he must get into communication with the author. He wrote to Barrie, asking if he would allow the book to be dramatized by another and how much he wanted for the rights. Barrie replied that he was willing to let the book be dramatized and expressed himself as sorry that he could not "take a hand at it" himself. He demanded the regular royalty and the usual advance. Palmer balked at these terms, and the negotiations dragged along until Charles Frohman, then just beginning his meteoric career, got wind of the fact that there might be a play in the book for Maude Adams. Frohman is not the man to haggle over terms when he wants anything. The cables got busy. Barrie was persuaded to make his own dramatic version. The rest is dramatic history. Produced by Charles Frohman, "The Little Minister" had 3,000 performances in America alone, and netted in profits for the manager at least $600,000.

There are many other instances where novelists have done better with plays made from their books than with the books themselves. Hall Caine received $250,000 for the dramatic rights of "The Christian" from this country alone. Robert Hichens, up to date, has been paid $150,000 in royalties for the dramatic rights of "The Garden of Allah." These sums are, of course, in addition to what the authors received as royalties for their respective novels.

Graham Moffat, who, until he wrote "Bunty Pulls the Strings," was an obscure actor earning only a meagre salary, received $81,000 in one year for the American rights of his play. Lee Shubert tells an interesting story of how he happened to get hold of this highly successful Scotch play, which ran for nearly two years in New York to over $1,000,000 gross receipts. The total earnings in England and America up to date are $1,162,000. Mr. Shubert happened to be in England a few weeks previous to the London production of the play. No one expected anything very big of it. The day the American manager was leaving for the Continent, Graham Moffat, the author, called on him at the hotel. He looked somewhat seedy, like the average actor whose engagements are neither numerous nor well paid. "Mr. Shubert," he said, "I haven't yet sold the American rights to "Bunty." I'd like to read the play to you." Mr. Shubert explained that he was just off for Paris, but would be glad to take the MS. and read it on the train. The canny Scotchman shook his head. "No, Mr. Shubert, the only way is to let me read it to you." Then the manager had an idea. Amiably he said: "I'm just going to get shaved. If you like, you can read it to me while I'm in the chair." The author agreed to this, and while Mr. Shubert was receiving the attention of the barber, Mr. Moffat read to him the first act. Mr. Shubert does not take long to decide. He thought he saw in the quaint, humorous characters of the piece something novel that would go in New York. Quietly he said: "I'll take your play." The author's face lit up. Anxiously he inquired: "On what terms?" "The usual five and seven, and I'll advance $500." The author hesitated a moment and surveyed his shabby clothes. Timidly he asked: "Could you let me have the advance now, Mr. Shubert?" He didn't even have to wait till he could cash a check, for producing a wad of bank notes, the American manager paid him in cash then and there. A few months later Mr. Moffat received from Mr. Shubert checks amounting to over $80,000 for the American rights alone.

Louis N. Parker's royalties from his various plays last season brought him more than $120,000. This season, with the London production of "Joseph and His Brethren," and the production by Cyril Maude of his version of "The Vicar of Wakefield," this total should be exceeded. A quarter of a million dollars in two years for a mere playwright sounds like big money, doesn't it?

Yet it is not so easy as it sounds. This substantial reward has not really come without being well earned. No novice can hope to sit down and write a play that will make him rich over night. Success means many long years of painstaking effort, disappointments without number before the final reward comes, and Broadway puts the stamp of approval on the piece that is to make the dramatist famous and wealthy. It took Mr. Parker twenty years to learn to write successful plays, despite an exceptional equipment for the work. He had to teach music in a little English school to make ends meet until "Rosemary" brought him enough money to satisfy him that he could live by writing and staging plays.

There is practically no limit to the earning capacity of the

Mishkin

BERTHA KALICH

This prominent actress will make her reappearance on the stage shortly under the direction of F. C. Whitney, in an elaborate production based on the life of Rachel. The story deals with the life of the famous tragedienne from the time when she was a street singer to the days of her triumph at the Comédie Française

play that makes a hit on Broadway. Within a very few years the lucky dramatist is able to stop working with a million or so to his credit at the bank. "Within the Law," now in its second year at the Eltinge Theatre, is a striking instance of the play that makes big money. It is probably the most successful play from the standpoint of box-office receipts that has ever been produced, not only in this country, but in the entire world at any time. This season no fewer than six "Within the Law" companies are touring the United States, each company bringing in an average of $8,000 a week. The box-office receipts in New York and Chicago average $12,000 a week. The play has also been running for months to crowded houses in London and Continental cities. By the time the public interest in the play is abated it will have earned a million dollars, of which the author's share is $250,000; yet this same play, when first submitted to the manager, was looked upon with many misgivings.

Bayard Veiller, the author of "Within the Law," was a newspaper reporter. Like many other newspaper scribblers, he haunted the theatres for years, attracted, like the moth to the flame, by the tempting prizes offered by the playwriting game. He married a very charming actress, Margaret Wycherly, and for some time managed her tour in a répertoire of Irish plays. During all this time Mr. Veiller was quietly trying to write plays himself, and one day he took the MS. of "Within the Law" to W. A. Brady. After some hesitation, the manager consented to try the piece out, but, dismayed by its crudities, insisted on giving an experienced playwright a 25-per-cent. interest to doctor it up. To this arrangement Veiller consented. George Broadhurst got the job of revising the manuscript, and the play thus tinkered was produced in Chicago. The windy city took kindly to the drama, but the box-office receipts were not so satisfactory as to encourage Mr. Brady, so when Mr. Veiller began to grumble because things were not going better, the manager, in disgust, sold out his interest in the play. Again in possession of his own, Veiller at once proceeded to take out all the embellishments Mr. Broadhurst had so laboriously introduced, and when "Within the Law" was produced in New York, it is said that only one line by Broadhurst remained. The play at once caught on here and developed into one of the most colossal money-makers the local stage has known.

Many of our most successful dramatists, like Mr. Veiller, served the apprenticeship to their craft in the newspaper business.

CHRISTY MATHEWSON AND RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Who collaborated in the new baseball play, "The Girl and the Pennant," now at the Lyric Theatre. Mr. Mathewson, as everyone knows, is the famous pitcher of the "Giants"

The late Bronson Howard, who wrote "The Banker's Daughter," etc., was for many years an editorial writer for the New York *Evening Post*. He made about $1,000,000 with his plays. His Civil War play, "Shenandoah," alone gave him $250,000 in royalties.

"In Old Kentucky" was written by Charles T. Dazey, also a newspaper man. This play was produced in the early nineties and is still running. It has earned to date at least $1,000,000, and put into the pockets of its author $500,000.

Augustus Thomas, author of "As a Man Thinks," etc., was formerly a reporter in St. Louis. He has had about fifty plays produced, each of which has averaged $5,000. His royalties from "The Witching Hour," which ran eleven months in this city, exceeded $50,000. He came to New York in 1890, and was employed by the late A. M. Palmer as play reader. About that time business was dull at the Madison Square Theatre, and Palmer looked around for a new attraction. Thomas suggested a play of his own, "Alabama," a new treatment of a thread-worn theme. Palmer hadn't much faith in it, but put it on as a stop-gap. The play scored a big success, and Thomas' future was assured. To-day he is the dean of American dramatists, was recently mentioned as Ambassador to France, and has a street, Thomas Place, named after him in New Rochelle—and it all started with "Alabama."

Eugene Walter, another newspaper man, made $100,000 out of his first successful play, "Paid in Full," which ran for two years and took in $500,000 gross. His other plays, "The Easiest Way" and "The Wolf," netted him nearly as much. Before success came, Walter was a reporter, earning a bare $20 a week. In his leisure moments he tried his hand at writing a play, and when "Paid in Full" was finished he peddled it round the various managerial offices. But no one would have anything to do with it, until at last he induced Wagenhals and Kemper to give it a trial. They, however, had so little faith in it that they were only willing to put it on in the cheapest possible way. First produced out of town, the criticisms were both good and bad, but directly the play reached Broadway it was an extraordinary success, and put a fortune into the pockets of the fortunate author.

George Broadhurst was formerly editor of a newspaper in North Dakota. The author of countless plays, he should be a millionaire by this time, if one reckons up his probable income from royalties. "Bought and Paid For," "The Man of the

Hour," and other plays, have made a barrel of money. Frequently his royalties have been in the neighborhood of $5,000 a week.

Martha Morton, who may claim to be the first successful woman playwright, started her dramatic career with a piece called "Helene." The play was rejected by all managers, so she put it on at her own expense for one night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was then taken by Clara Morris, who played it for two years, netting the author $50,000—no insignificant figure for a novice. Her second play, "The Merchant," also promptly rejected by the theatrical managers, won the prize offered by the New York *World* Play Contest. Produced at the Union Square Theatre, it was sold outright for $15,000. Miss Morton's latest plays, "Brother John," "His Wife's Father," and "A Fool of Fortune," all written for William H. Crane, made in all $250,000. Her greatest success, "The Bachelor's Romance," played by the late Sol Smith Russel, brought the authoress an additional $250,000.

Margaret Mayo's case offers a good illustration of the old saying that you never know what you can do till you try. Her husband, Edgar Selwyn, is not only an actor, but also writes clever plays. His wife thought she would like to write one. She didn't know anything about technique or the laws of playwriting. She just sat down and wrote what came to her head, and the result was "Polly of the Circus." With Mabel Taliaferro in the name part, the play proved an enormous success. A year or so later Miss Mayo wrote "Baby Mine," which made her a rich woman.

Some half-dozen years ago a lanky, sandy-haired youth, with a bulging forehead, came to New York from Cleveland, Ohio, and stared wistfully at the blazing electric signs over the theatre entrances along Broadway. If only he could see the title of a play of his spelled out in such dazzling letters! Realizing the futility of such day dreams, he turned to the more practical business of earning a living, and for some time was reporter and magazine writer. But he never forgot his yearning to shine as a playwright, and to kill time he wrote "Nobody's Widow," which Belasco produced with Blanche Bates. The piece was an immediate success, and when the young author was called out no one knew him, for he was practically a stranger in New York. His name is Avery Hopwood. Since then he has written other successful plays and made a lot of money. To a friend who chided him on his extravagance since he had become so prosperous, he said confidingly that in spite of his heavy expenditures he had been able to put away a nest egg of $100,000 since he started writing plays.

Eleanor Gates has made considerable money with her first play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and her husband, Richard W. Tully, has been even more successful with two plays that pleased Broadway, "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise."

Paul Armstrong, a picturesque, breezy personality, who was formerly a sporting writer, dabbled hopelessly with plays for years before the late Kirke La Shelle saw possibilities in the "Heir to the Hoorah," and produced it. That was Armstrong's start on the golden road to fortune. Since then he has written "Salomy Jane," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and a number of other plays which have made money.

Rida Johnson Young, the author of "The Boys of Company B" and "The Lottery Man," is another case of a woman who did not suspect she was a playwright. She has made a lot of money and is still making it.

Edward Sheldon, or the "boy author," as he is called, because he is amiable and young, made money with his first play, which was written while still in college. That was "Salvation Nell," which Mrs. Fiske produced. Since then he has written "The Nigger," "The Boss," "The High Road," and "Romance." He is not yet thirty, and he has made at least $100,000.

James Forbes, formerly press agent for the Hudson Theatre, has made several times $50,000 with "The Chorus Lady," "The Travelling Salesman," and other plays. Rupert Hughes, William

White

BLANCHE RING
In Anne Caldwell's play, "When Claudia Smiles"

C. DeMille, Edwin Milton Royle, Booth Tarkington, each have made at least $50,000 with their plays.

Hall Caine's drama, "The Christian," affords a forcible argument why everybody should take a chance at playwriting. The author received for this play for two seasons an average of $1,800 in royalty per week; for the third season, with the late Edward J. Morgan as the star, his royalty averaged $1,000 per week. Two companies played it the fourth season and brought him in about $800 per week, his income from it for three seasons of stock company production was about $13,500, and this source is not yet exhausted. $250,000 is a conservative estimate of what "The Christian" in its dramatic form paid Mr. Caine.

Finding successful plays is very much like playing the races. You try to back the right horse, but seldom succeed in picking a winner. There is no instance on record where a manager actually foresaw success. Most of the big hits came as much a surprise to the manager as to the author. Would Daniel Frohman have returned the MS. of "The Lion and the Mouse" to Charles Klein and let him take it to another manager if he had guessed there was a million dollars in it?

Klein began his career as an actor, and for years occupied a very humble and obscure position. Feeling that acting was not his proper sphere he turned his attention to stagecraft and began to write plays, but he had no money, and for years it was a precarious struggle for the mere necessities of life. At one

time the situation was so bad that he thought he would have to give up writing and go back to the stage. He had not a dollar left. Starvation stared him in the face. It was then that a friend—a Broadway tailor—who believed in his ability to write plays came to his assistance. This "angel" offered to back him for five years, giving him an income on which he could live during that period so he could continue to work on his plays. The tailor had such confidence in Klein's ability that he was sure that at the end of that time he would be on his feet as a dramatist and earning substantial royalties. Anyhow, he was willing to take a chance. If Klein failed he, the tailor, would stand the loss. If he succeeded, he was to pay the tailor $50,000. The backer was not mistaken. Charles Klein made good. First one play was accepted, then another. Finally he secured a position with Charles Frohman as a play reader at a salary of $50 a week. More plays came from his pen, some of which were fairly successful. By this time Klein's reputation as a dramatist was established. Then came the great opportunity of his life, the opportunity that was to make him a rich man. He conceived the idea of writing a play on a subject then being widely discussed in the newspapers—the menace of the money power. Everybody was denouncing the giant trusts. Ida Tarbell had created a sensation with her articles on John Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company. The air was full of agitation about this growing peril of the concentration of vast wealth. Just about this time Daniel Frohman had asked Klein for a new play for the Lyceum. The latter thought he could dramatize the Trust agitation, and he wrote "The Lion and the Mouse," having accepted from Mr. Frohman a retaining fee of $500. The play completed, he took the MS. to Frohman and left it with him to read at his leisure. A week later he called on the manager and asked him what he thought of it. Frohman shook his head in disapproval and said:

"I am very much disappointed, Klein. It is not at all what I expected. Frankly, I think it is the poorest work you have yet turned out. I look upon my $500 as thrown away."

Mr. Klein hid his disappointment as best he could, but his voice faltered a little as he replied with some spirit:

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Frohman, but you shan't lose your $500. I will give you my check for the amount, and you can release me from our contract."

Mr. Frohman was only too glad to acquiesce, and the MS. was handed back to the author.

Feeling greatly depressed, Klein wended his way downstairs from Mr. Frohman's office. He was utterly discouraged. On the stairs he happened to meet Mrs. de Mille, the play agent, who asked him if he had completed the play for Mr. Frohman. The dramatist shook his head disconsolately.

"Yes, the play is finished and he has turned it down. I have it here."

With her mind on possible agent's commissions, Mrs. de Mille said eagerly:

"Let me show it to Henry B. Harris. He is looking for a play. It might just suit him."

Without much confidence in the outcome, Klein let her take away the MS., and a few days later the agent telephoned that Mr. Harris had read the play and accepted it.

This piece, which has since become a classic in the history of successful American plays, was first tried "on the dog" out of town under the most unfavorable conditions, and several New York managers, including Mr. Frohman, went out to watch the first performance, quite sure they were going to see a fizzle. There was no big star to help along the production. In fact, the leading part was in the hands of Edmund Breese, an actor who had never up to this time been especially popular. But the play was well received, and the next morning the local notices were highly commendatory. The play came at once to New York and was produced at the Lyceum, the home theatre of the manager who had turned it down. It was well received, but the following morning the newspaper critics were sceptical as to its merits and chances of final success. It was one of those instances that sometimes occur when the critic is not able to gauge the value of the play from the standpoint of the audience. The newspaper reviews were cool, if not distinctly unfavorable, but the public was not to be misled. There was something in "The Lion and the Mouse" that made a resistless appeal. The scene where Shirley Rossmore, the heroine, a frail girl fighting for her father's life, pluckily confronts the powerful financier in his home and vehemently denounces his methods, brought down the house at every performance. The play settled down for a long run. The theatre was jammed to the doors at every performance, and the play ran for six hundred and sixty nights. For the manager, Henry B. Harris, the piece earned $750,000 in profits. Even to-day, although eight years have lapsed since the day Mr. Frohman turned down the play as worthless, "The Lion and the Mouse" is still being performed all over the United States, and is still pouring dollars into the pockets of its author and producers. During the same year that "The Lion and the Mouse" was crowding to the doors one New York theatre,

White

ALICE BRADY

Now appearing in "The Family Cupboard," at the Playhouse

CONCERT STAGE OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN S.S. IMPERATOR

Gould & Marsden
REGINE WALLACE
Appearing under David Belasco's management

Charles Klein's other play, "The Music Master," was playing to capacity houses in another. The two plays paid their author over $100,000 that year alone. In a few years they had netted nearly a million!

It has often been proven, however, that even a successful playwright does not always strike gold. One of his pieces may make a fortune for him, yet another which he may believe to be equally good fails to receive popular approval. Two seasons after the advent of "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse," a play by the same author cost its producer $50,000 for its short and unhappy existence. Then came another brilliant success, "The Third Degree," which brought more money to author and manager.

A dramatist whose career offers many analogies to that of Charles Klein, and whose final reward was even greater, was the late Clyde Fitch. Fitch came of good family and was educated at Amherst. He came to New York and began writing for magazines, but found literature a difficult and slow road to wealth. He turned his attention to the stage, and later became acquainted with Richard Mansfield, who it is stated, employed him as amanuensis. It was while he was with Mansfield that the play based on the life of the famous "Beau Brummel" was written and produced. Clyde Fitch's name appeared as author of the play, and it was his first introduction to the public as a dramatist. A bitter controversy arose later concerning the authorship of the play, which proved tremendously popular—Mansfield claiming that Fitch had written it at his dictation. However that may be, Clyde Fitch's future success as a dramatist, under his own name, clearly proved his title to be recognized as a master of his craft. He continued to write play after play, until, at the abrupt and unexpected end of his brilliant career, this most prolific of American dramatists had no fewer than sixty plays to his credit. It is said of Fitch that he lived like a king and worked like a laborer. It was not unusual for him to have three plays going at once. He made an immense fortune with his pen. When he began writing he was absolutely penniless. When he died he was a millionaire, having earned over $1,500,000 during his comparatively brief career of less than twenty years. His city home at 113 East Fortieth Street was filled with art treasures purchased with his royalties from every quarter of the globe, and he owned a magnificent country seat at Greenwich, Connecticut.

Another instance of rapid success was that of George Ade, author of "The College Widow," etc. Up to the time of the presentation of "The Sultan of Sulu," Ade had been known chiefly for his promiscuous use of capital letters. In 1904, at the time that "The College Widow" was making such a hit, no fewer than five pieces of his were being presented simultaneously in different cities, and two others from his pen were forthcoming. His success is more remarkable than that of Clyde Fitch, because it came more quickly. His income from his royalties in one year alone is said to have exceeded $150,000, while to-day he is so rich that he has hardly the incentive to go on writing plays.

Mishkin
NANETTE FLACK
Prima donna in "All for the Ladies"

Still another young American who achieved sudden fame and fortune is Porter Emerson Browne. Until a few years ago he was known as a writer of fiction. Then he surprised the theatrical world with "A Fool There Was." It was very successful in New York and other cities, and is drawing bigger receipts every year in the popular priced playhouses all over the country. That play alone brought Browne over $50,000.

Very few of the few playwrights that succeed do so right off the reel. The author of a successful "first play" recently confessed that it really was his forty-ninth. The other forty-eight had cost him a small fortune in return postage A young man had a fair success this season with a play written as an "amateur." The play was the result of six years' study in various universities that gave special dramatic courses, and a year as stage hand in a theatre where they changed the bill several times a week. He had taken this job to familiarize himself with the practical theatre, and had been writing plays since his high-school days.

Almost everyone has written a play. Many have imbibed strange notions of the profitable nature of this occupation from the great success and huge revenues a few playwrights have made from it. The fact still remains that over ninety-nine per cent. of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are absolutely worthless; that over sixty per cent. of the plays that are finally accepted for production fail flatly, yielding their authors perhaps $500 or $600 on the average, as a return for what may have been a year's work, and that of the remaining forty per cent. of the one per cent. of plays submitted, about one-third are merely nominal successes, from which the author is lucky to get three or four thousand dollars.

It is calculated that at the present time there are at least 15,000 persons trying to write plays. Urged on by what they hear of the big revenues of successful dramatists, they spoil millions of reams of paper and swamp managerial offices with a deluge of worthless manuscripts. Only a very few gain recognition and draw the big prizes. In a population of nearly

(Continued on page ix)

Parodies for Playwrights

Mary wrote a little play,
She thought it was all right:
She sent it off to old Broadway,
Where all the lights are white.
The weeks passed on and then the play
Returned just after lunch:
"We read your play; regret to say
It hasn't got the 'punch.'"

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He wrote a play in just one day
That surely was a prize.
And then he hiked to New York Town
With all his might and main,
But soon, with play, safe in his tray,
He hiked back home again.

"If seven men for seven years
Should try to write a play,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That it would reach Broadway?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And sadly turned away.

I'd rather write plays than eat pie,
I've got to reach Broadway or die,
And as for my plays,
They will soon be the craze—
I know they'll give Shaw a black eye.

Twinkle, twinkle, little "star,"
Riding in your auto-car;
Soon I'll write a play for you,
And then you'll ride in autos two.

You may write and rewrite
Your old play how you will,
But the lack of the "uplift"
Will damn the thing still.

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Write a play and let it go.
Rick, bick, ban, do——
"Sorry! It's a rotten show."

EDWIN CARTY RANCK.

Sarony
JEANNE EAGELS
Leading woman with Dragan Film Co.

MARIE FLYNN
Appearing in "When Dreams Come True"

Hits of the Month

FASHIONS change in stage adventuresses as in everything else. Time was when the brazen, flashing-eyed, breaker-up of homes came on in a flaming red gown with a long train that swept everything angrily before it. To-day our up-to-date adventuress is at least human. Gail Kane, who plays so cleverly the rôle of Myra Thornhill, the beautiful blackmailer in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," wears a stunning costume of black velour and ermine. Quite free from the conventional "business" which tradition has handed down for the use of wicked stage ladies, Miss Kane plays the rôle forcefully yet naturally, and in a manner that carries conviction. It is a part that calls for personality, intelligence, and statuesque beauty, and Miss Kane possesses all of these. This actress is practically a newcomer on the stage. She was born in Philadelphia, and her first appearance on the stage was in "Decorating Clementine." Then followed an engagement with "Vanity Fair" at the New Theatre. After that she had a small part in "As a Man Thinks," in which she understudied Chrystal Herne. She made so much of her opportunity that as a natural result she was given the leading part in "The Model." Last year she was seen at the Little Theatre in "The Affairs of Anatol."

White
Gail Kane

A HERMIT who sells picture post-cards to summer boarders for a living, and masquerades as a ghost at night for his own amusement is somewhat of a novelty. Joseph Allen, who imparts fine comedy to the rôle of the substantial "spook" in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," was born in Roxbury, Mass. Early in life his humoristic tendencies pointed the way to the stage, and in 1901 he secured his first professional engagement, playing the part of a character German in "The Wild Rose," at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Following that, he was seen as Capt. Ketcham in "The Liberty Belles," as Komer in "The Isle of Spice," and as character comedian in "The Belle of Newport," "The Royal Chef," and "The Press Agent." Then he appeared as Dan Lowton in "The District Leader," and later created the rôle of Gen. Stanhope in "Three Twins." Two years ago he took off a Russian baron, Maximilian Scareovitch, in "The Red Widow," and last year appeared in "Officer 666" with Douglas Fairbanks.

Bangs
Joseph Allen

A DELIGHTFUL comedian of the old school and for half a century a warm favorite with theatre-goers is William J. Ferguson, who as the malicious ministerial usher in "Madam President," at the Garrick, takes a wicked delight in bringing about embarrassing situations. Apart from his gift as a comedian, special interest attaches to Mr. Ferguson from the fact that he is the only actor now on the stage who was in the cast of "Our American Cousin," that ever memorable night in Ford's Theatre, Washington, when President Lincoln was shot. That was one of his first appearances in a career so long and varied that to-day he does not remember just when it began or how many parts he has played. His earliest recollection is of being spanked by his pious grandfather for seeing a play. When he was twelve years old, John T. Ford, a friend of Ferguson, Sr., made the lad a call-boy in Ford's Theatre. By successive steps, he became walking gentleman, utility man, juvenile, and character actor. "I have even played Shakespeare—from the spear up!" he says, with the sly smile and droll lift of the eyebrows that have endeared him to his audiences. The present rôle gives his dry humor ample opportunity.

Wm. J. Ferguson

CAME a wee maid from far-off Hungary—the picturesque land of the Czech and his intoxicating, rhythmic music—and danced herself straight into our American hearts. Roszika Dolly, the little dancer now appearing in "Miss Caprice," at the Casino, was born in Budapest, just twenty years ago. From their mother, who was a famous actress and dancer, Roszika and her twin sister, Yancsi, inherited their love for dancing. It came as naturally to them as breathing. When financial reverses occurred, and the family came to New York, the little sisters used their talent to help their father. They succeeded in getting a vaudeville engagement, and with home-made costumes, self-invented dances, and a four-weeks' contract, started for the National Theatre, Havana. The four weeks lengthened into a year, and by that time they had become known throughout Cuba as "Las Muñecas Americanas." After an extensive vaudeville tour on the Keith circuit, they were seen in "The Midnight Sons." Then, after an engagement with "The Echo" came "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1911," where in terpsichorean art they interpreted those physical phenomena, the Siamese Twins. After that they again scored in "The Winsome Widow" and "The Merry Countess." Then came separation—a sore trial for the little sisters, who are almost as "attached to one another" as the unhappy twins of Siam. After the present engagement with "Miss Caprice," in which Roszika Dolly acts and sings as well as she dances, she is to realize the height of her ambitions—she will be made a star!

Roszika Dolly

GIRLS have been known to sing themselves into fame, to act and to dance themselves into popularity; but to have whistled herself into the public favor is the unique accomplishment of Carroll McComas, the charming Kitty Kent of "The Marriage Market" at the Knickerbocker. Miss McComas was born in Los Angeles, the daughter of Judge C. C. McComas. When a little girl she loved to whistle, and delighted in upsetting Dame Grundy's Ten Commandments for Little Girls by boasting that she could outwhistle any boy she knew. That accomplishment, together with her gifts of singing and dancing, soon made her a strong favorite in vaudeville. After a while, she was given the opportunity to take Marie Doro's part with Jerome Sykes, at Daly's Theatre. Later, she travelled through Europe as a whistling vaudeville artiste, and on her return to America, was engaged for "The Girl and the Pumpkin." Then followed appearances in "The Girl and the Bandit" and "The Gay Musician." After that she was with "The Dollar Princess," and "The Single Man." Last season she made a hit in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," and this year she again wins her audiences by her clever versatility, appearing in a rôle in which she acts, sings, dances and whistles. Quite a varied career for one so young, but Miss McComas is very ambitious, and has even played "lead" with stock companies.

Sarony
Carroll McComas

A VERSATILE young actor is Harry Mestayer, who in "The Escape," gives a realistic portrayal of a tough gangster. Mr. Mestayer is a member of the well-known theatrical Mestayer family and in a comparatively brief career has run the gamut of stage characterizations. He was born in Brooklyn, and while attending the grammar school in Boston, "walked off" with a gold medal in an oratorical contest. He claims no credit for the victory, for, as he puts it, "Is that not to be expected of a Mestayer?" He first appeared on the stage in California. After an experience in stock he was fired with the ambition to play Ibsen, and he organized a company at the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, in which were such players as Amelia Gardner, Lottie Kendall, Frank MacVicars, and Thomas Oberle. For several years he fed Western "high brow" audiences on Ibsen and made money. More recently he played opposite Henry Kolker in "The Great Name," and later joined the Oliver Morosco Producing Company in Los Angeles, in which he had an opportunity to play almost every part known to the stage.

Y. D. G.

Harry Mestayer

BESSIE ABOTT AS JANET IN THE REVIVAL OF THE COMIC OPERA, "ROB ROY"

Frequenters of vaudeville some years ago will remember the Abott sisters who did a little song and dance. Bessie had a voice worth cultivating, and went to Paris, where she became a favorite pupil of Jean de Reszké. After singing at the Paris Opera House she returned to America a full-fledged prima donna, and made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House

Shakespeare Made to Pay

THERE was never a time in this country when we did not hear the thread-worn platitude that Shakespeare spells ruin. But in England, at least, one Shakespeare enthusiast has found the Bard a very profitable proposition, and besides profiting himself he has done more than any other to educate the English public and to make them familiar with the real Shakespeare throughout the gamut of his plays. For F. R. Benson is perhaps the only actor within recent decades who can boast of having been instrumental in reviving *all* of the Shakespearean dramas, with the exception of "Titus Andronicus," "Troilus and Cressida," and "All's Well That Ends Well." He is perhaps the only actor living who can offer, within the short range of a three-weeks' engagement, a repertory of sixteen Shakespeare plays, a generous per cent. of which consists of the unusual Shakespeare plays. When he sails for America this winter he comes with the enviable reputation of being an idealist whose dreams have come true. Not easily, for he has had to make many sacrifices; not with vast rewards, for he has never received the recognition in London that his earnestness deserves. We are aware of the cry that the present generation is not given the opportunity it should have of witnessing Shakespeare, but this year that cry will be worthless. For besides Marlowe and Sothern and Faversham, Forbes-Robertson and Margaret Anglin and Robert Mantell, F. R. Benson is deserving of our hearty support.

Courtesy *Literary Digest*
F. R. BENSON
A stage idealist whose dreams have come true

His career is marked with earnest effort. When he was at New College, Oxford, he entered heartily into the activity of university theatricals. At the age of twenty-two, while an undergraduate, during the year 1881, he was foremost in the movement to play Aeschylus' "Agamemnon" in Greek. Let the reader who wishes a fascinating hour or so get hold of Alan Mackinnon's "The Oxford Amateurs." It gives the entire history of college theatricals, and it is surprising how many of our actors found their way during undergraduate plays. In the foreword of this volume a tribute is paid to Benson. The Rev. James Adderley says:

"I never like to write on the dramatic revival at Oxford without mentioning Frank Benson. For though he never belonged to our society, it was his scholarly performance of Clytemnestra in the Balliol 'Agamemnon' which did more than anything else to turn the attention of the Oxford dons from the imbecilities of the 'Vic' to the seriousness of real art. One of the most beautiful sights of our undergraduate days was to look at Benson's long, black hair flying in the wind as he raced the 'three mile' at Oxford and Lillie Bridge."

But time spent at Oxford was not entirely devoted to theatricals even though his activities in that direction were stepping-stones toward his future career. Benson's fame while an undergraduate was also largely due to his interest in athletics. He was a football player, a cricketer, and the winner of the inter-varsity three miles.

The year after his Clytemnestra episode, this nephew of the late Archbishop Benson received his first professional engagement with Irving at the Lyceum. This was in 1882, and he was cast for the part of Paris in "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Terry, in her Memoirs, mentions him with great affection. She had seen him once play the part of Electra, and had then exclaimed, "What a supremely beautiful girl!" and it was undoubtedly through her interest that he was engaged to succeed George Alexander at the Lyceum. Miss Terry pays tribute to Benson's wonderful powers of organization, to his extreme earnestness in acting; and she asserts emphatically that his Lear was most satisfying to her. It was in 1902 that Miss Terry herself acted in the Benson company during the festival season, playing Queen Katherine in "Henry VIII." After being with Irving, Benson toured with Miss Alleyne and Walter Bentley. In 1883, the latter turned over his entire company to Benson, and thus began the career which has done so much for the education of the theatre-goer.

The Benson repertory company has been the dramatic school for most actors now prominent on the English stage. To have been with "Pa" Benson seems the necessary preparation for the English actor. During the years that followed 1883 he was joined by his cousin, Stephen Phillips, who remained with him for six seasons, assuming such rôles as Iago and Prospero. It was while with him that Mr. Phillips appeared as the Ghost of Hamlet's father, and won applause. Tradition has it that Shakespeare, the actor, also won applause in the same part. It was not until 1889 that Mr. Benson reached London for his first season, playing in "Midsummer Night's Dream." But before that time, in 1887, he went to Stratford, producing "Richard III." With the exception of two seasons, Mr. Benson has been responsible for twenty-six of the annual Stratford festivals.

He is, first and foremost, an experimenter. It takes a certain amount of artistic daring, such as that exhibited by him in 1904, to produce the trilogy of the Oresteia. This was the first time for two thousand years that the Agamemnon, the Choephori and the Eumenides of Aeschylus had been presented truly and in their proper sequence. So successful was the venture that Mr. Benson found it necessary to take the triolgy on tour through the English public schools.

A word as to the Stratford festival, given annually on the poet's birthday. Thirty-six years ago the Memorial Theatre was founded, practically the only subsidized theatre in England. Between 1875 and 1908, Mr. Charles Flower and his wife bestowed upon the theatre something like fifty thousand pounds, besides certain property surrounding the building. In 1877, Helen Faucet, so well known as the leading lady of Macready, opened the playhouse, and since 1887 Benson has been associated with it. The season of 1890, Osmond Tearle had control, and during 1895 Ben Greet was the producer. Here in the Memorial Theatre began those revivals which in a way rehabilitated the Bard of Avon's least-known plays to the stage. In 1886 "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was given after many years, and in 1891 "Julius Cæsar." Then came such pageant pieces as the histories. Everyone who has attended these performances has come away with a clearer impression of Shakespeare's art, for Benson's repertory affords the opportunity for sequence and comparison. But at the Memorial Theatre Mr. Benson did not entirely confine himself to Shakespeare. Aeschylus, Jonson, Marlowe, Wycherley, Sheridan, Goldsmith and others have been used. In 1910 he did another notable thing. Through the generosity of Mr. Otho Stuart he was enabled to offer a prize of three hundred pounds for the best drama submitted in competition. We in America know the outcome, for Mrs. Lionel Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody) was the winner. "The Piper" was produced at Stratford on July 26th, 1910, the season having been postponed on account of the death of King Edward VII. The selection was made from three hundred and

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Ethel Leginska, the pianist, amusing herself with her dolls

Mary Pickford, of "A Good Little Devil" fame, is only seventeen and still delights in toys

Peggy Wood, of "The Lady of the Slipper" company, playing with her doll

Auriol Lee, of "Milestones," with her dolls

Lydia Lopoukowa, the Russian dancer, and her Teddy Bear

Vera Curtis, the soprano, collects and plays with French model dolls

Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, and her Teddy Bear

Kitty Cheatham, the popular diseuse, has a fad for playing with tiny toys

Photos Copyright by Straithmore

Jane Grey, of "Nearly Married," with her doll

Fola La Follete with her toy farm

Bordoni, lately of the Winter Garden, and her toys

HOW SOME OF OUR ARTISTES AMUSE THEMSELVES WHEN AWAY FROM THE STAGE

Public entertainers are human like other people, and when not on the stage are very apt to be found enjoying the same pastimes as non-professionals. The above pictures show actresses, pianists, dancers, etc., amusing themselves at home with toys

The Theatre of the Future—As Managers See It

WHAT will be the nature of our amusement within the playhouses of the future? In twenty years, say, what manner of plays shall we or our children be seeing? Twenty years are a comparatively short time as we measure the span of human, municipal, or even theatric life, yet we laughed last spring at the "revivals" with which indefatigable metropolitan managers entertained us. Twenty years ago "When London Sleeps" was a thriller received with solemn and monetary appreciation. At its revival audiences laughed all through it. Twenty years ago "The Two Orphans" was seriously received and made fortunes. To-day it is, frankly speaking, boresome. The difference in the character of the plays is no greater than the advance in the mechanics of the stage, in the comfort and safety of the theatres, nor in the methods and lives of the actors who enact the characters of modern plays. No change is more marked than that of salaries. Then one hundred dollars a week was an enormous wage for a player. Now mediocrity, with a little passing popularity, demands three and five hundred dollars. Within a year moving pictures have supplanted melodrama and vaudeville has caused the attenuation of the drama. Should changes in this direction proceed at the same ratio, polite comedy and the drama will be rare. What is the future of the theatre? The question puzzles critics and laymen in the audiences. Are we at the dawn of a golden era or in the shadow of an eclipse of the stage? In the minds of the prominent producers of this country lives the germ of the ideas that will be wrought in that future. Seven leading producers have been asked by THE THEATRE MAGAZINE to give their ideas of the theatre as they imagine it will be and this is what they said:

Charles Frohman: "One does not need the robe of a prophet nor the wisdom of a seer to tell what is going to happen in the theatre in the next twenty years. It can all be summed up in four words—the outspeeding of speed. Distances will receive a new annihilation twenty years from now. From now on the universal ambition will be to increase speed by eliminating middle distances, and that is as it should be, because the human instinct behind the desire for speed is a sound one. It is the desire to pack so much into life that the average human existence will gain in intensity what it may lose in length. So terrific will be this universal race for speed, that I should not be at all surprised if twenty years from now managers will be selling plays in tablet form. There will be some device whereby tablet plays can be bought in advance, just as seats can now be purchased, and by means of the tablet play—a telephone and a pantomime performance—the public will be able to hear and see plays without ever leaving their homes. Twenty years from now, those who wish to see as well as to hear dramatic performances will mount their aeroplanes and fly to an enormous stadium somewhere near Broadway, maybe in nearby Poughkeepsie. I haven't the slightest doubt that a quarter of a century from now biplanes and monoplanes as public conveyances will be in almost as general use as automobiles are to-day. The upper regions will be mapped out and have their traffic squads just as our streets are laid out and regulated now. But to come nearer to earth, the art of acting in the next twenty years will develop chiefly along the lines of pantomime. Plays with a maximum of action and a minimum of language will be the thing. Just as the wireless systems to-day need no wire to reach across great distances, the day will come when actors will need no language except signs to talk across the footlights to their audiences. Twenty years from now the aeroplane, far speedier than the automobile, will give people much more time to enjoy themselves and to attend the theatre. The aeroplane also will bring into popular use the roof garden theatres, which will have facilities for landing and starting. Twenty years from now ideas will be in far greater demand than to-day, because persons will be twenty years more receptive, sensitive and eager for what is new. The law of speed will demand the wiping away or the reduction to a minimum of every obstacle that will yet remain between supply and demand or thought and understanding. In the theatre this rule will bear chiefly against verbose dialogue. Expression will be economized. Dialogue will be so whittled down that only the body of a play will matter, not its clothing. Style will become subordinate to matter."

Lee Shubert: "I do not believe that art is going to be overwhelmed by mechanics. However wonderful the motion pictures may become, and however astonishing the reproduction of the acts may be, I think that the personal element will always be an absolute essential, and that the individual artists, after all, have nothing to fear. In fact, even if the motion picture does become an element of even far greater importance as a national entertainment, this will by no means spell disaster for the actor. On the contrary, every manufacturing motion picture concern must have a competent stock company of players, and the conditions under which these people work are in many respects superior to the conditions that must be faced in touring companies. I believe that twenty-five years from now, or fifty years from now, good acts, good plays and good operas will still be in demand. The fact that beautiful paintings can be copied by color photography has not diminished the crowds that are anxious to see original paintings. The fact that a play can be reproduced on the screen or without a screen even in colors, and with speech included by phonographic devices, will not prevent the people from being primarily anxious to witness the original. At its best, the motion picture in its most highly developed form can only be a reproduction. That this reproduction will become more wonderful year by year is a foregone conclusion, and that the numbers of motion picture theatres of the better grade will increase is also admitted on every hand. But the legitimate manager of actual plays has no need to worry until blood and brains, impulse and magnetism, inspiration and personality, can be reproduced as well as mere external appearances. And this will not be accomplished in the lifetime of anyone who reads my statement. Nothing will take the place of real nature."

Marc Klaw: "I think it was Andrew Carnegie who said it was very easy to pose as a prophet, because if your sooth-sayings failed nobody would give them another thought; and if they were fulfilled you could always say, 'I told you so!' Consequently, it is no act of courage to make a guess as to what the theatre will be in twenty years from now. Physically, I think it will be a much simpler structure than it is to-day, and in the theatre of drama most of the boxes will be eliminated, as they interfere, as a rule, with both sight and sound. Artistically, it must improve. Even to-day plays are accepted whose matter is so abstract that they could not have commanded a half dozen audiences twenty years ago. Acting has improved in spite of all the howl about the 'palmy days' of the drama, and so have the plays. The plays of two decades hence will abound in pantomime, thanks to the education in that direction of moving pictures. Scenery in the next twenty years will become a matter of abstract decoration, giving the merest suggestion of *locale*. The promise of this is already seen in Germany, where they have abandoned everything but the simplest horizon drops to indicate the sky. This horizon drop may be yellow or green or blue, but rarely has it a cloud or anything to indicate that it is other than a cloth suggestion of the firmament. Trees and decorations of that kind, I believe, will be absolutely flat, in Japanese style, no effort being made at perspective, as I said above—strictly decorative. I think this simple decorative idea will also apply to dress and stage furniture. Printed reviews will be largely reportorial rather than critical, except in weekly and monthly magazines devoted expertly and solely to art matters."

David Belasco: "No one can say what the theatre will be like in twenty years. Indeed, no one can say with any certainty what it will be like in one year. One bit of order survives the chaos of present conditions. A good play well produced rarely fails."

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Photos White

Gail Kane, Wallace Eddinger, Purnell B. Pratt, Claude Brooke, Martin L. Alsop, Joseph Allen and Roy Fairchild.
Act I. William Magee (Mr. Eddinger): "You had better sit quiet and comfortable; we've got a long wait before us"

Left to Right—Gail Kane, Purnell B. Pratt, Wallace Eddinger, Roy Fairchild, Martin L. Alsop, Joseph Allen and Claude Brooke
Act II. Jim Cargan (Mr. Alsop): "You do as I tell you, Magee; *I'm* the school-teacher now!"

SCENES IN GEORGE COHAN'S NEW FARCE "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE" AT THE ASTOR

PAVLOWA the Greatest DANCER of her Generation

WHEN the curtain fell, it had to rise again and again, amid a roar of applause and a rain of bouquets. On a stage half covered with flowers she brought the members of her troupe down to the footlights to be cheered and received call after call herself. How long the scene lasted can only be guessed—certainly ten minutes, probably longer; but it is not often a London audience keeps up cheering for ten minutes."

And she who made them so forget themselves was the Russian, Anna Pavlowa, the greatest dancer of her generation.

New York is likely soon to witness a similar scene of enthusiasm, for on November 3d the incomparable Pavlowa is to reappear upon the Metropolitan Opera House stage, this time, however, in a program quite her own. With a company of over thirty dancers she will present ballets and "concerted character dances," besides her own solos and duets with M. Novikoff, first dancer of the Imperial Opera in Moscow. Liszt's "Les Préludes," Chopin's "Sylphide," Schumann's "Carnival," and Saint-Säens' "Le Cygne" is some of the music she has chosen to interpret with her dance, as well as Grieg's "Papillon," Délibes' "Coppelia" and parts of Mozart's "Magic Flute."

And when she leaves New York she will progress to Brooklyn, Newark, Philadelphia and Washington, and then west as far as Minnesota, and from there north into Canada, and southwest again on California's shores, kindling ecstatic admiration everywhere—if audiences in America have appreciative qualities like those of the Europeans.

Pavlowa may be said to have started the present *furore* for dancing when she first appeared in England four years ago. It is laying, perhaps, a great deal at the door of one individual to claim this, since many other factors arising at the same time are also responsible for a movement so widespread as the present revival of dancing, but Pavlowa's exquisite art, rendering visible to the eye as it does the soul of ravishing music, her remarkable virtuosity, her brilliant technique, and the grace with which she accomplishes the most difficult figures, undoubtedly helped spread the movement which has set the whole world dancing.

But as one cannot become a fad anywhere, of course, without the sanction of Society, it is no surprise to hear of lawn parties at Pavlowa's house in Hampstead Heath, attended, as the English women's magazines say, "by the flower of our nobility." Once when Lady Londesborough asked Pavlowa to dance at a lawn fête given in honor of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, "their Majesties were most gracious and deigned to express the pleasure I had given them," admitted the *ballerina* modestly. Though they lionized her and idolized her in London, thronged and packed the Palace Theatre to see her perform, and even paid her the compliment of trying to imitate her, they did not outdo the enthusiasm of her fellow countrymen, the Russians, whose special pet she still remains, even though she has taken up her residence in England.

Although she had to pay a fine of $11,000 for giving up her residence in Russia while still in the employ of its Imperial Ballet, and forfeited thereby her rights to the title of *première danseuse,* the Czar saw fit to forgive her for her self-expatriation, and to bestow upon her even a finer title—*"Première danseuse étoile."* For this she has promised to go back to St. Petersburg every summer, no matter where she may have been or where she is going to be. So before sailing for America she made a *détour* to her native city to keep her promise. The Czar has further shown his admiration for her by ordering the sculptor, Seraphin Soudbinine, to make a model of her in his two favorite dances, "Le Cygne" and "Bacchanale," that they might be reproduced in his private porcelain factory.

They have gone mad over her in Berlin (according to their own confession), and worshipped her in Paris, but no tribute is to her quite so fine as that she received from the stolid Swedish *bourgeoisie.* King Oscar had conferred the Swedish Order of Merit in Art upon her, but even this honor did not impress her as much as the tribute of his people.

"I was greatly flattered by the King's act," she said, in writing

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The dancer says that she finds inspiration in the graceful, effortless movements of her swans

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Pavlowa and her pet Pekinese spaniel

a short autobiography recently, "but the homage of an enormous crowd which accompanied me from the theatre to my hotel one night was to me still more gratifying. Some people think the life of a dancer is thoroughly frivolous. In point of fact, frivolity and dancing are incompatible. If a dancer lets herself go, if she does not exercise an iron control, she cannot go on dancing. She must sacrifice herself to her art. If, as a result, she can make those who come to see her forget the sorrows and weariness of life for a little, she has her reward. I first understood that in Stockholm. In the crowd which accompanied me from the theatre there were people of all sorts; men and women of the middle classes, workmen, clerks, shopgirls and little dressmakers. They followed my carriage in silence; there were no cheers; and they did not seem even to speak. That great crowd remained before my hotel, and I was told that the people were waiting for me to appear on the balcony. When they saw me they welcomed me with a tempest of hurrahs, almost frightening after the extraordinary silence. I bowed time after time to the cheering throng, and then they began to sing delightful Swedish songs. I was at a loss what to do. Then an idea struck me. I rushed into the room, seized the nosegays and baskets of flowers which had been given me at the theatre, and threw roses, lilies, violets, lilac, to the crowd below. Even then they seemed reluctant to go.

"I was unstrung, touched to the very depths, and, turning to my servant, I said to her: 'What have I done to turn their heads?'

"'Madam,' she replied, 'you have made them happy by making them forget the sadness of life for an hour.'

"I have never forgotten that reply. The simple Russian peasant girl who made it gave a new aim to my art."

Dancing in her garden at Hampstead

It is difficult to define her art. Ballet dancing is, of course, the foundation of it, but it is far more dramatic, far more pantomimic than the "old school" of ballet. "Ocular opera," someone called it; "voiceless reading of a classic by means of bodily rhythm," declared another. To her, dancing is an art illuminating and interpreting life, like literature, music, painting or sculpture, and though it is allied to all of these and depends upon them for inspiration and assistance, it is at the same time quite distinct and independent of them. Every pose, every step, may be an interpretation of the various moods, emotions and transitions of a poem which has been set to music. These poses may be plastic and frankly "sculptural," and the background be a painter's masterpiece, yet when she dances in her garden without music, with only Nature as a background, without "program notes," she succeeds in making her beholders feel and understand the passions and emotions, the intellectual and psychical experiences she would present. So it is a thing apart.

She sees no relation, at present, between the art of dancing and the social dancing of the present day—and who can wonder at that? But she hopes that as the vogue of the one spreads it may effect the other; and that when people really make a study of dancing—for no professional purposes but merely for the enjoyment to be derived from it—they will naturally raise the standard of their ballroom dancing. As exhibits on the lesser stage, she thinks some of the Tangos and turkey-trots have their place, but as perverted in the ballroom they are ungraceful and suggestive. Being a constructive critic and an enthusiastic believer in the wholesomeness and grace of the dance, she is going to include in her program a number of dances which she believes could easily be adopted for social use and please the most fastidious.

"The study of classical dancing has intellectual as well as physical advantages," she says. "Educate children by having them interpret poems and stories and historical pageants, and you will give them an intellectual uplift and understanding which they can get in no other way. Besides, there is the physical development it gives—nothing is quite so beneficial in a physical way as dancing; for women, especially, it is far better than gymnasium training. If you have a sound heart and can stand the strain, dancing will bring soul and body into perfect poise.

"Dancing to me is ecstacy—a spiritual exercise as well as a

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In "La Fille Mal Gardée"

Pavlowa in "Amarilla"

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In "Orientale"

bodily one. It develops the spirit in grace and beauty; it brings you to a realization of great happiness. Happiness is essential to health; an unhappy person cannot be truly healthy. But a person who can dance and who loves dancing can never be truly unhappy. Sorrow may touch them at times, as it touches us all, but it is a sorrow that will lift. Sorrow rises from the dance like one of the silken veils a dancer discards—that go floating away You draw in a breath of happiness when you are dancing, that is to say, you draw in a breath of health. If there were more dancing there would be less sorrow, less ugliness, less wickedness."

She has not come by this philosophy, this conclusion, as the result of her own experiences, but by dint of hard work, by persistent following of a single aim ever since her tenth year. On her eighth Christmas she was taken to see the Imperial Ballet in Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty," which so impressed her that she resolved then and there to become a *ballerina* like the Beauty herself.

"'Dear little mother, you'll have me taught to dance, won't you?' I said, when we were home.

"'Yes, yes, my little Nura'—my pet name—'of course,' and she kissed me, thinking, no doubt, of the pleasure it would give her to see me waltzing at balls when I should be a *jeune fille à marier.*

"But I was not thinking of balls; I only thought of the ballet; and that night I dreamt of my life as a *ballerina,* dancing like a butterfly to the lovely music of Tchaikovsky.

"I like to remember that evening, which gave me my career with its joys and its sorrows.

"In the morning I spoke of nothing but my great resolve, and my mother began to understand that her daughter was a very serious and very determined little person."

She was too young then to begin, but on her tenth birthday—the first day she was "of age"—she entered the school, "leaving the happy and pious life of a home for the nervous and intoxicating life of another kingdom—that of art and the stage."

The life at the school is severely disciplined and rigidly regular; it teaches moderation, temperance in habits of eating, drinking and living. And it means work.

"As in all other departments of art, success depends very largely upon personal initiation and hard work. Even the successful *ballerina* cannot allow herself to slack. If she is to preserve her technique she must dance exercises every day on the same principle as a pianist plays scales. She must be so perfect a mistress of technique that when she is on the stage she need think of nothing but the expression to be given to the dances she executes."

In the unfailing fidelity to her art, in the steadfast execution of its work, lies the secret of her success.

"And success? What is it? I do not find it in the applause of the theatre; it lies rather in the satisfaction of accomplishment. When I wandered among the pine trees in my childhood I thought that success was happiness. I was wrong. Happiness is a butterfly which charms for a moment and flies away."

Royalty of every country in which Pavlowa has appeared has honored this great dancer. One of the most recent exhibitions of kingly favor was in London on the occasion of the recent visit of King Alphonso to Great Britain. Arriving at Dover with the Queen and his suite, Alphonsc sent post-haste to London to get a box at the Palace for Pavlowa's performance that night. After the performance the King and Queen sent for Pavlowa and thanked her for the pleasure she had given them. Alphonso went back on the stage and said to Pavlowa: "Your dancing is the most wonderful thing in the world!" And the King presented to the *ballerina* a diamond bracelet, which makes only one more item in the collection of magnificent jewels she has received from royalty!

Lawn party at Pavlowa's English home, "Ivy House," attended by the highest society in Great Britain. On this occasion Pavlowa had members of her company dance for the entertainment of her guests

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In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" In "The Second in Command" In "The Flag Lieutenant" As Eccles in "Caste" In "The Second in Command"

MR. CYRIL MAUDE, THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH ACTOR, IN SOME OF HIS CHARACTERIZATIONS

Cyril Maude—London's Foremost Comedian

THE present visit to America of the English actor, Cyril Maude, is notable for a goodly number of reasons. One which will cause the actor-folk and their directing powers to study his methods and personality is the fact that he drove away that creature of terror that lurks in the backgrounds of all actorial and managerial minds, and in the shadowy corners of all theatres, a hoodoo, moreover, a lingering one that had sunk its talons—yes, hoodoos, especially theatrical ones, have talons—into one playhouse roof for twenty years.

Another and satisfying reason is that he is a kind of cousin of America, having come here as did Bruce McRae, with the more or less commendable purpose of being a Wild West ranchman. Mr. McRae chose to cast his fortunes, so to speak, among cattle. For the agents of his fortune upbuilding Mr. Maude chose sheep. Both took refuge from the uncertainties of live stock rearing in the changeful state which is called being an actor. Americans will welcome him because it has begun to feel its need of the manager who knows all phases of his business, and knowing acting as an art is one of these.

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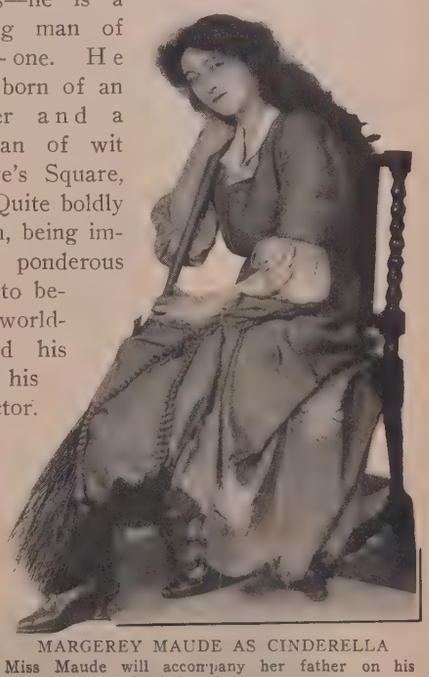
CYRIL MAUDE
As The Little Minister

The Actors' Fund officers, and its many contributors, including those who play at Actors' Fund benefits, and who toil at Actors' Fund fairs, will be glad to learn of him, for he is the mighty engine that has driven the chief theatric philanthropy of Great Britain into the terminal station of success.

Chief of reasons for his welcome is that all the world loves a comedian. He is a comedian of the first water. Doubtless, to be anything of the first water is to be sparkling, and that Cyril Maude is, without question. Let us be generous, for generosity, a few actors returning to the tight little island have said, we are not inclined to display to visiting members of their profession. And, being generous, let us admit that into a play twice tried in this country, that was dreary as drama and tiresome as musical comedy, he infused unsuspected mirth and played with touch so light that it became one of London's unquestioned successes. It is a considerable man who casts a considerable shadow, and the shadow thrown by Cyril Maude in London is very considerable.

Summarily he is practically the owner of the successful Playhouse galvanized from the dying Avenue Theatre; the foremost comedian of London; the alert and tender father of the Actors' Orphanage, managing the annual outdoor fête for its benefit at the Botanical Gardens, a smart, early event of every summer in London—I saw him playing a clown and joying in the enlarged polka-dots and torrid paint of the ring ornament in a mimic circus; he has stamped his personality upon many parts dear to memory, and there be connoisseurs in acting at its finest who say that there never was a better Sir Peter Teazle than Cyril Maude.

For survey of his activity crowded years—he is a young man of fifty-one. He was born of an officer and a woman of wit and charm, at 19 St. George's Square, London, on April 24, 1862. Quite boldly he tells it. He was five when, being impressed by a call from a ponderous cleric, he expressed a desire to become a bishop. At six "and world-weary," he firmly informed his father that he had changed his life plans and would be an actor. The later plan he never changed. He made his first appearance on any stage as the fairy godmother in "Cinderella." It was while he was in a boy's school in England. The teachers of



MARGEREY MAUDE AS CINDERELLA
Miss Maude will accompany her father on his first American tour

Mishkin

FRANCINE LARRIMORE

This young actress, who is the niece of Jacob Adler, the tragedian, appeared last season in ingenue rôles at the Princess Theatre. Later she was seen in "The Master Mind," in which she will continue this season

the various schools he afterwards attended displayed their perspicacity by casting him for the "heavies" in every part assigned him in the school theatricals. To London he came with letters of introduction to Charles Cartwright and other actors, presenting which convinced him that there is guarantee of naught save perfunctory, preliminary politeness in a social "pull," he having letters from persons whose names appeared in Burke's Peerage to others whose names therein appeared, but with no result. Meanwhile his health was declining, and his physician ordered him to take a voyage to Australia. He returned with no symptoms of an arrest of the decline. A similar autocrat ordered him to "go to the States and rough it." Thereafter the sheep and their failure, and a professional début with Daniel Bandman's company in Denver thirty years ago.

"I made the best of these experiences," he said, "and making the best of any experience is learning from it."

Four years of what we call barnstorming and the English term, "doing the provinces," Mr. Maude using the terms alternately, preparing him for the worst or best, went to London and began a career in that city in the melodrama, "Racing," at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and three months later he was serving the Gaiety management in "Frankenstein." The next year he began figuring in the cycle of plays at the Vaudeville under Tom Thorne's management, giving audiences the tang of a new personality in "Joseph's Sweetheart," "Doctor Cupid," and "Miss Tomboy," London judges reversing the decision of the schoolmasters and greeting him as a comedian of fine flavor. Thence he carried his youthful enthusiasm and fine comedy sense to the many memoried Criterion, provoking smiles in "London Assurance," "Twelve Points of Law," and "The School for Scandal." Mrs. Langtry had his assistance at the Haymarket, where he further entrenched himself in London favor by his portrayal of the senile Baron Finot in "The Queen of Manao." For a time he was the fashion, and this while he was in the sunny thirties, as in sketches of elderly characters. He was, rather than played, Cayley Drummle in "Mrs. Tanqueray," the pompous Member of Parliament in "The Benefit of the Doubt," and the irascible Colonel in "A Mother of Three." Breaking the bonds of mimic senility he showed his audiences that he could be romantic and dashing as Larolles in "Under the Red Robe," that he could be wistful and quaintly tender as the Rev. Gavin Dishart in "The Little Minister," which Robert Edeson gave us, and having done this he sprang with circus-like agility into the rôle of Toddles, the young man who simply couldn't get out of bed in time to dress for his marriage, the part in which we had a glimpse of John Barrymore. He played the chord of courage and pathos in "The Second in Command" the year before John Drew touched them in the same output by Captain Marshall in this country.

During this busy time he found leisure to marry. He tells of the marriage of a busy actor in these few words: "I first met my wife in 1887. Practically the first time I met her, at least the first opportunity for a chat, was in a box at the Haymarket, into the co-management of which I entered nine years later. A year after our meeting we were married at the Royal Chapel in Savoy by the Rev. Henry White, and my old headmaster, Dr. Haig Brown, of Charterhouse. Our honeymoon consisted of one day at Eastbourne, a Sunday, for both had to get back to London and the footlights." The wife thus acquired, be it said, was Miss Winifred Emery, an actress of rank and of an "old footlight family." Her début, occurring almost simultaneously with the departure of her destined husband for his health-seeking trip to Australia, took place at the Court Theatre, under the management of Wilson Barrett. Nearly from the first she has held the dignity of "leading lady," her performance of Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind" and as Mrs. Fraser in "The Benefit of the Doubt" being of exceptional excellence.

ADA PATTERSON.

Reminiscences of Rhéa

(Conclusion)

THE first reception I attended in this country was given to me by Mrs. Paran Stevens, to whom I brought a letter of introduction from her daughter, the charming Mrs. Paget. I also visited her in Newport. She never ceased to take an interest in my welfare, and wrote me several letters full of kindness and encouragement.

But to none do I owe a greater debt of gratitude than to General Wade Hampton. I met him in Washington as I was going South; he gave me letters of introduction which opened to me the doors of the most exclusive circles, and by the way I was received I felt the respect in which he was held by his countrymen and by all those who are fortunate enough to know him.

In Charleston I was invited to the St. Cecilia ball. No sight could have been more charming than the one I beheld. No diamonds, no rubies, no brocades, no costly laces, but on each brow shone that most beautiful of all crowns: Youth! Youth was there in all its glory. Youth unadorned, unconscious of its charms; and those sweet girls, in their simple organdy dresses, with their girlish coquetry, their bewitching smiles and their little despotic ways toward the other sex, looked like young queens among courtiers. When I entered, they flew to me like butterflies and overwhelmed me with flowers, praises and compliments. Their hearts were full of sunshine, which they imparted to mine. To-day, some of those young girls have become wives and mothers, and wear the crown of womanhood with the same grace as that of youth.

Among the few artists whose acting I have been able to witness in America, Mary Anderson was the first. It was at the Cincinnati Festival, in which I myself had the honor of taking part. The play was the "Hunchback." As she entered, plucking flowers from the artificial bushes that decorated the stage, she was a perfect vision of loveliness, girlish and most graceful. And was this the woman people had called and persisted in calling cold and awkward? I had also heard that she did not study, relying on the easy success she had achieved, and yet she gave an almost faultless performance of her part. But had she scorned all the rules of art? Were her matchless beauty, her queenly bearing, her superb personality, were all those heavenly gifts not sufficient to command the admiration of her country? Mary Anderson was a Grecian statue, of which Phidias or Praxiteles might have been proud. From those classic features and in such a noble, plastic form one could not expect to find a soul burning with the unholy fire of a Messalina or a Cleopatra, but a soul animated by the pure and chaste fervor of a Vestal or a Martyr. Is there really no possibility of being great, without depicting passion and the vilest? It must be so, or clever, even great actresses would not choose that kind of parts as a medium between them and the public. Marie Wainwright, also, is an actress whose talent I admire. Virginia Harned, in "Trilby," was a picture never to be forgotten. How beautiful she looked! The whole performance of "Trilby" was one of the most enjoyable I have witnessed. Every character was played to perfection, as was "The Henrietta," a comedy that cannot be excelled. Mrs. Brown Potter in "Thérèse Raquin" was as great as any actress could be in that part. I am sorry my own work has prevented me from joining in the admiration for Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Ada Rehan, and many other idols of the American stage.

I have had many managers, but, as I have said before, with none have I been so prosperous as with Mr. Chase. This is due partially to the fondness of American people for novelties. The idol of yesterday is forgotten for the one of to-day. It needs a great spirit of enterprise, much money and luck, to keep up a reputation anywhere, but especially in this country. New plays are absolutely necessary, but beware of a failure. It brings you near death's door, and superhuman efforts are required to regain a foothold once lost. It is not always the best actor who is the most popular and successful. Newspaper work, sensational acting and costly productions, all of which represent an immense capital and a speculative brain, are now the only sure means of success. The theatre, like trade, is monopolized. Everything belongs to the few. Surely some critics do justice to talent

Photo Matzene

MME. GERVILLE-REACHE AS FRICKA

The well-known French contralto, whose beautiful voice will be heard again in concert this winter

Memoirs of Mlle. Rhéa. Copyright 1902 by Marie Michailoff.

Copyright, Daily Mirror Studios
John Forbes-Robertson Gertrude Elliott
Act III. Scene 1. Ophelia: "My lord, I have remembrances of yours, I pray you, now receive them"
SCENE IN FORBES-ROBERTSON'S PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET" AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

wherever it appears, but what is a candle burnt at the altar of genius compared to the thunder and lightning necessary to arouse public recognition?

Still, in spite of all, let us be, or try to be, artistic, and despise every unlegitimate means. Of course, we must live and sacrifice a little to the public taste for the sake of living, but let us not be too generous in our yielding, nor encourage too much the modern tendency toward sensation.

Among the many parts I have played in this country, my most successful ones have been Adrienne Lecouvreur and Joséphine. Apart from my admiration for Napoleon, I could not help being inspired by Mr. William Harris' wonderful impersonation of the Emperor. His knowledge of the history of the Empire was as remarkable as his worship for the man, and this came very near to idolatry.

I think I can boast that the revival of interest in Napoleon, and the events pertaining to his epoch, is partially due to my production of "Joséphine." The dresses were graceful and becoming, and ladies at once revived the fashion. The craze for Empire furniture followed; then came the magazines filled with biographies, anecdotes, engravings, in fact, with everything pertaining to the Empire. Librarians had not books sufficient to supply the demands of the public. Now the *furore* is dying out; still there remains the gratification that my work has not been in vain. To have awakened a taste for history is something to be proud of.

Secretary James G. Blaine predicted the success of "Joséphine." "For," he said, "she is held even in higher esteem in America than in France," and he sent me, thinking it might be of some value to me, a very interesting article written by Gail Hamilton, entitled "In Joséphine's Garden."

Speaking of Napoleon, an interesting incident comes to my mind. In Ottawa, Canada, in 1891, after a performance of "Joséphine," I received a basket of grapes, with a large satin bow on the top, from which fell a bunch of exquisite Maréchal Niel roses most tastefully arranged. I opened the basket, anxious to know the name of the donor of this graceful present. It was Mr. Nettle. He wrote me that he was born the day after the famous battle of Waterloo, that his father at that time lived in Southampton, England, where he owned large hothouses, in which he cultivated grapes. When the Emperor was about to sail for St. Helena, "my father," added Mr. Nettle, sent him a basket of his choicest grapes; although his countrymen hated Napoleon, my father had for him a great admiration. Accept to-day, mademoiselle, this little basket of grapes, which I offer to Joséphine in memory of the one presented to the imperial captive seventy-five years ago."

In Columbus, Ohio, a pretty, young school teacher, who is a descendant of Joséphine, came to see me. Among her several names is that of "Tascher de la Pagerie" (Joséphine's family name); her great-grandmother married General Rapp, one of Napoleon's bravest soldiers. Whenever I go to Columbus my little Joséphine, as I call her, never fails to pay her homage to the Empress.

At the instance of the professors and students of the University of Michigan, in Ann Harbor, I delivered a "talk" on Napoleon. They were anxious, I suppose, to know the opinions of an actress whose impersonation of the character of Joséphine had made it necessary for her to give the subject much search and careful study. Memoirs can hardly give an idea of a man like Napoleon. Those that appeared in the early part of the century were mostly prompted by envy. The men of the Empire could not forgive the soldier his greatness; the tools were jealous of the master hand. The biographers of to-day are more impartial, it is true, but can we be impartial in our admiration? As in love, he who reasons does not admire; and my admiration for Napoleon is

unbounded, so I gave simply my views as a woman and a worshipper of the great hero.

Two thousand students were assembled in the large University Hall. Mrs. Angell, the wife of President Angell, introduced me. She spoke so flatteringly of the actress and the woman that when I came forward I was greeted by thunders of applause. I felt proud, and I said so.

My "talk" was in answer to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's thoughts before the tomb of Napoleon. I began by reading his eloquent words, which was rather presumptuous on my part, but with them I was sure that I could awaken the interest of my audience, whilst I relied upon the sincerity and earnestness of my feelings to convince my hearers.

White Forrest Winant and Irene Fenwick in "The Family Cupboard," at the Playhouse

Did I gain my point? One would have thought so, judging by the enthusiasm of those present; but they were the sons and daughters of a chivalrous race, and I am inclined to believe that their homage was rendered more to the woman than to her views; but to whatever it may have been, the woman appreciated it to its full extent. At Cornell University I had the same honor bestowed upon me, as also in many high schools. I shall always bless that "talk," for it was the medium that brought me in closer contact with the youth of America.

At Montreal, Canada, I was invited by the faculty of the University Laval to repeat my "talk" on Napoleon. I delivered it in French. At the close, the President of the medical students and the President of the law students thanked me in words full of tact and courtesy, which proved that the French language is not dead in Canada, and that they cultivate now as of old that supreme elegance which is one of the characteristics of their mother tongue.

But if the Canadians are enthusiastic, the Americans are not less generous in honoring those whom they think worthy of their esteem. While playing in Columbus, Ohio, in 1894, I visited the Capitol. The House was in session. I went first to pay my respects to the Governor, who was then Mr. William McKinley, and, like others, I felt at once under the spell of his sympathetic personality. After taking leave of the Governor, I proceeded to the House of Representatives. As I entered the hall the Speaker of the House interrupted a debate on the affairs of State and called a few minutes' recess, so that the members might shake hands, he said, "with a lady who deserved, not only the admiration of the American people as an actress, but their esteem as a woman." It is easy to imagine the effect of that gracious speech on one who was not prepared for it. With blushing cheeks I was led to the Speaker's platform. He said: "You are the first woman, Mademoiselle, who has had the honor of occupying this seat." Each member of the House passed before me, many telling me of their wives' and daughters' love for me. When I left the Capitol my blushes of modesty had vanished, giving way to feelings of pride and gratitude.

Like a ray of sunshine comes to me the recollection of the entertainment given by my company and myself to the little orphans one Thanksgiving Day in Baltimore. I had read in the papers of the many dinners provided for the poor, homeless children by the wealthy and charitable people of the city, and the thought came to me that perhaps I might also do something to cheer their little hearts. I spoke of it to my manager and to Mr. John Albaugh, of the Lyceum Theatre, and together we concluded to give a matinée for the orphan children of the different asylums, regardless of creed and sex. At least eight hundred accepted our invitation. Nothing was prettier than to look over that sea of little heads, above which the big white caps of the Sisters of Charity fluttered like angels' wings. Mr. Albaugh, always generous and kind, had placed at our disposal, not only the theatre, stage hands, lights, etc., but for that special occasion he had brought out the beautiful scenery of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with its revolving panorama.

The company, in their most gorgeous attire, stood in a barge; white, red, green and blue lights were thrown on them. I then made a short address, which was followed by the singing of the national hymn, in which all joined. I had requested the company to give nothing but cheerful recitations and songs. All the numbers were most enthusiastically applauded, but the hit of the performance was made by Miss Mabel Washburn, whose rendition of Whitcomb Riley's poems is inimitable. The children went wild over her, and six times she was obliged to respond to their calls. The entertainment ended with the minuet from "Joséphine." As they left the theatre a bag of candy was given to each girl and boy, who received it with eyes big with delight.

We went home, our ears ringing with the merry laughter of the children and the words of thanks of the Sisters and Matrons of the different asylums. That performance, given in the name of charity, proved to be a source of joy to us all. It was such a success that we repeated it several times in other cities.

During the same engagement in Baltimore I had the honor of meeting Cardinal Gibbons. I found His Eminence a broad-minded man, highly intellectual, full of tact, and withal most simple and cordial—a worthy minister of Christ. Having been brought up in a convent, it is natural that I cherish a fondness for those good and noble women, whose unselfish lives, renunciation of all worldly pleasure, devotion to the poor and unfortunate, excites, now as of old, my warmest admiration and

Marionettes

Pierrot may dance—Pierrot may sing,
Though Pierrot's heart be heavy;
In the painted skies the sunshine lies,
Though the real world's dull and dreary.
Pierrot's world is the mimic world—
His skies are its painted skies,
But his heart's true light—serenest—bright—
Are Pierrette's laughing eyes,
What need of sun—of wind—of rose?
The whole world follows where she goes.

Pierrot has danced—Pierrot has sung,
Though Pierrot's heart is breaking;
The sunshine dies from the painted skies—
In the real world birds are waking.
Pierrot's world is the mimic world,
But he turns to the real world's skies;
Beyond, they say, in Eternal day,
Shine all lost Pierrette's sweet eyes.
The wind—the skies—the rose—the dawn—
Point him the pathway she hath gone.

PARMLEE BRACKETT.

sympathy. I have spent many happy hours among the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Washington, of the Sacred Heart in Rochester, and of the Loretto Convent in Toronto.

Of the many actors and actresses who have at different times been members of my company, with few exceptions, I can only speak in words of praise. It has been for me a great source of happiness to find in my surroundings people who were so congenial. That the profession in America should be on a higher level than in Europe is easily understood. In the United States, people belonging to the best classes of society go on the stage, whilst in the old country, it is not without great effort and persistent reasoning that a girl of good family is permitted to adopt the dramatic profession, and even then very few succeed in conquering their parent's aversion. In my own case, but for the loss of my father and mother, I should never have been an actress.

Mishkin

JOSEPHINE VICTOR
Now appearing at the Republic Theatre as Maria in "The Temperamental Journey"

And now, allow me to say a word of my home, that home dearer to me than "palaces," as the song goes. It is situated at Montmorency, a few miles from Paris. The day I took possession of it I was met at the gate by my little niece, who brought me on a salver the keys of the house, and in a pretty little speech presented them to me. A kiss was the answer, the only one I could give her. That night I could not sleep. At three o'clock the birds began to sing, the first rays of the sun were playing on the shutters. I opened my window and looked out at my beautiful garden, and with a heart overflowing with happiness I thanked God. I forgot all the work, the anxiety, the worry that home had cost me. I had only one thought: This is mine! Here I can live and receive those I love and return a little of the hospitality that has been lavished on me. Oh! how happy I felt and how happy I still feel whenever I go to that dear home. I call it "Villa Beatrice," in memory of my first English part.

The most beautiful ornament of my drawing-room is a life-size painting of myself as Juliet, by Theodore Chartran, the celebrated artist, whose fame has become universal by his portraits of Pope Leo XIII and the fascinating Calvé. A whole room is devoted to the souvenirs of the Far West. I possess the wedding robe of the daughter of "Running Antelope," on which the bride herself has painted, in that primitive Indian style, the war records of her husband. A yoke of blue beads, weighing eighteen pounds, is one of the chief ornaments of that robe. A white Polar bear is a reminder of Seattle; white stalks, of Florida; a Mexican harness, mounted in silver; a sombrero, Indian bows, arrows and tomahawks surround pictures of the great Western scout, Buffalo Bill.

Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and the smaller cities are represented in the different rooms of the house, and nothing amuses me more than to watch the smile on the face of my American visitors when I show them a piece of furniture bearing the stamp of their own country. There I retire every summer and forget in a calm, peaceful life all the worries of my theatrical tour. Ah! the bliss of rest after so much travel and fatigue!

Before closing these pages I am tempted to give some advice to the young girls who wish to enter a career which seems so fascinating and yet so deceptive. I have shown the sunny side of my artistic life, because feelings of gratitude are uppermost in my heart. But, oh! the road of thorns that leads to glory! When you are two to bear the burden, it seems lighter; one helps and consoles the other. But, alone! Never aspire to become a star unless you have a husband, father or brother to fight for you. The world smiles when you smile, but it is hard and unsympathetic when you weep. Still I know that all I can say will not change a mind bent on following its own inclination; therefore, I will not discourage anyone, but say that in my greatest sorrow, depression, sometimes despair, I have found consolation alone in work. Work is the one friend that never fails, work chases away the blues and gives us strength to continue till the end is reached.

And now, farewell to the past and welcome to the future—the future of which you are the fair and gracious heralds! May success crown your efforts; may you uphold by your character, as well as by your genius, a profession which stands second only to literature, for if the poet conceives the thought the actor endows it with life. On the threshold of your career, inspire yourselves with this beautiful invocation of Adrienne Lecouvreur:

"Oh, my great Corneille! Fill my heart with generous impulses, with sublime sentiments, such as thou hast so often placed upon my lips! Enable me to prove to them all that we, the interpreters of thy genius, must by inspiration of thy thought gain some of thy nobility."

RHÉA.

Harris & Ewing
HAZEL MACKAYE
Who assisted to design and direct the Pageant

Harris & Ewing
Tableau at the close of "Uncle Sam's 137th Birthday Party," showing Columbia, Uncle Sam, Liberty and one of the Minute Men

Pageantry and the Drama League

THE new-world revival of the old-world dramatic folk festival has not, until the past few months, touched Washington more than here and there in the schools or social settlements. Through the Washington Centre of the Drama League, however, organized last December, this new people's art movement has lately found expression in a form of striking beauty and unquestioned community value. In February, Percy MacKaye, lecturing in the Public Library on "The People's Leisure and the Civic Theatre," inspired a Drama League audience which spread its impetus until, by the last of April, definite plans were under way for a civic festival in Washington on the following Fourth of July.

This was daring the difficulties of a brief interval for preparation, the heat of a Washington Summer, the vacation period, consequent loss of otherwise available assistance, and it was facing, also, the conservatism of a city to which the folk-festival idea was new. Many of the difficulties, however, were at the same time forcible arguments for the undertaking, emphasized by the fact that the Fourth of July so far as appropriate celebration is concerned, has been the most neglected holiday of the year.

So the Drama League pursued its plans, with the determination to succeed in spite of everything. It secured the co-operation and financial backing of the Citizens' Sane Fourth Committee, and the appeal of the festival idea enlisted volunteer workers from all parts of the city and all walks of life. The result was a pageant of a patriotic theme which was enacted by several thousand children and some 200 grown-ups, before an audience of at least 10,000, and larger than any assemblage of people ever seen in Washington, except at the inauguration of a President of the United States.

Copyright Taylor
MRS. GLENNA SMITH TINNIN
Who with Hazel MacKaye designed and directed the Pageant

Mrs. Glenna Smith Tinnin and Miss Hazel MacKaye, distinguished artists and experienced pageant masters, and both officers of the Washington Centre of the Drama League, gave their time and effort unreservedly and zealously to the immense labors of designing and directing the undertaking. Making first appeal to the children, they named

Harris & Ewing
The final procession of Uncle Sam's guests and their gifts, showing flower and fruit girls from the Far West

hoto Taylor
Fruit, a gift of the Far West States

Photo Taylor
Flowers, a gift of the Far West States

the celebration "Uncle Sam's 137th Birthday Party," and worked out their design in a spirit of gaiety which was at the same time graceful and dignified. The pageant was held in the Mall, in those beautiful park squares including the Smithsonian Institution, the Agricultural Department, and the Washington Monument, with the climax at the foot of the slope south of the Monument, upon a beautiful, level, natural stage, against a background of trees and with a lovely little grove on each side, the slope itself serving as a vast amphitheatre.

The children of Washington were invited to march in the pageant procession and attend Uncle Sam's birthday party in some chosen character. As funds were decidedly low, it was necessary to choose a simple scheme of costuming, and this was done by suggesting the most vital periods of American history. First the Colonials, "little George and Martha Washingtons," a group which was impersonated entirely by the Thomas Welles Society of Children of the American Revolution; then, for 1812, "little James and Dolly Madisons," and for 1860, "little men and little women," after Louisa M. Alcott. For the twentieth century there were hundreds of little girls in white muslin dresses wearing wreaths of daisies in honor of the day, hundreds more of "middy girls," carrying red and blue balloons, and, for lack of white balloons, which could not be had, white paper plumes; Camp-Fire Girls, Indian girls, and a lot of "story-book folks," consisting of little girls representing favorite characters in fairy lore and childish legend. Of boys there were Indians, cowboys, baseball boys, middy boys and flag boys. The procession was headed by a hundred older "liberty girls" in red classic slips, alternating with white and then blue ones, and their leader was accompanied by a diminutive Uncle Sam, who unexpectedly appeared, nobody knew whence, just as the procession was ready to start, and was promptly given place second only to the band.

Photo Joel Feder

CATHRINE COUNTISS

Now appearing in the vaudeville playlet, "The Birthday Present"

Four thousand children registered for this procession. Just what number actually appeared must be estimated, but it was a long and fascinating array of little people who made the march through those beautiful driveways in the Mall and were ultimately seated as the most privileged spectators of the pantomime play on the Monument grounds.

Before this play began, however, and while the procession was forming, a preliminary little program of interpretative dances was given in another part of the Mall by twenty-five or thirty little girls from the public schools, for whom had been chosen a lovely shaded spot, where, in soft and delicate-colored draperies and barefoot on the smooth turf, they danced the call of out-of-door joy and freedom. Then they and their audience joined the throng at the birthday party.

In the centre of the "stage" of the birthday party, which was roped off from the amphitheatre, was erected a white dais, and upon this a pedestal and two seats. This was the only "scenery" other than the natural setting.

The play began at six o'clock, the sun's rays slanting and mild, and the light most beautiful. A resplendent herald, in red and blue, with a white-lined mantle and steel helmet, stepped out from the grove on the right and trumpeted a signal. With the strains of *Yankee Doodle* in the air, two Minute Men, in Continental uniform, with fife and drum, marched out upon the green, preceding the tall and swinging figure of Uncle Sam, who bowed and smiled a welcome to his guests and took his place upon the dais. Another blast of the trumpet, the strains of *Hail, Columbia!* and from the opposite group of trees a magnificent helmeted figure in classic robes of white, girdled with blue, and with a rich mantle of royal blue lined with the red and white of the flag, made her stately march to the dais to be hostess with Uncle Sam.

The distinguished guests at this reception were the States, who arrived in groups, according to their geographical or historical kinship. First, of course, came the Colonies, thirteen classic figures with gold shields, surrounding, as they entered, a fourteenth stately figure, whom they soon revealed as Liberty, their matchless gift to the Nation. Proudly Uncle Sam and Columbia acknowledged this arrival, and led Liberty to the pedestal, where she stood, her torch in hand, the dominant figure throughout the spectacle.

"Dixie Girls," in rosebud bonnets and hoopskirts, to the gay music of *Dixie Land,* brought gifts of cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane; and, from Florida, the ostrich and the alligator, the gifts themselves personified by girls and young men who danced their entrances in characteristic fashion to *Turkey in the Straw.* To the tune of the *Irishman's Chantey,* Maine, in prim poke-bonnet, let in a huge, man-size lobster; Vermont a block of granite. Six brawny sons of the Middle West,

(*Continued on page vi*)

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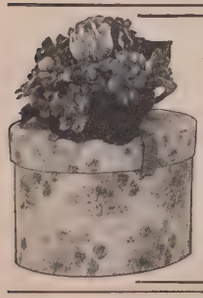

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Pageantry and Drama League

(*Continued from page* 172)

in their field hats and carrying scythes, to the rhythmical measures of *Pop Goes the Weasel*, brought in their gifts of wheat and corn, who danced in simulation of the fields of waving grain, the music changing to *A Farmer He Went Out to Sow*. The Great North, typified by its cool, blue rivers and green trees, and by dull-colored earth, brought fish and lumber, gold, copper, and silver, the low sweeping movements of this dance to the accompaniment of *I am a Child of the Forest Wild*, and the combined soft hues and sheen, making one of the most beautiful pictures of the pantomime. From the Far West came dashing ranch girls, dancing a gallop as they drove in a steer, and followed by the more beautiful symbols of their wealth, graceful girls bearing an overflowing tray of fruit and baskets of growing flowers, by the strains of *La Paloma*. Alaska, with a totempole symbol and a chain of gold nuggets, was followed by Hawaii, who deposited his tray of pineapples and danced a fascinating native dance to the music of *Aloha*. The party ended with a grand processional to *America*.

The cast of this spectacle play numbered about 100 people, most of whom had had little dramatic training, but were taught and rehearsed in their parts by Miss MacKaye and Mrs. Tinnin during the two weeks prior to this performance. Four of the principal characters, however, were important exceptions to this, being members of the Poli and Columbia stock companies. The Herald was Graham Velsey; Liberty, Miss Lotta Linthicum; Columbia, Mrs. H. Dudley Hawley, and one of the flower girls from the Far West was Miss Blanche Sperry. These players entered into the undertaking with the most cordial spirit of helpfulness, giving not only their professional assistance but great aid in the preparations.

The Independence Day pageant was, indeed, a community event in a sense quite unprecedented in Washington, a city of such diverse interests and transient population that its name has been proverbial for lack of civic spirit. As a first effort of its kind, it was nothing less than a remarkable triumph, achieved through the unfailing power of the dramatic appeal. With the people themselves as actors and participants, the Drama League was able to organize the most adequate, the most democratic, and also the most artistic celebration of the Nation's birthday the Nation's capital has ever known.

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Another Neapolitan Song by Caruso. *Fenesta che lucive* (*The Shining Window*).

Another of the songs in Neapolitan *patois* which Caruso sings so well. This *Fenesta che lucive* is a particularly beautiful one, with a somewhat pathetic tone, and the tenor sings it with much feeling, giving the emotional climaxes with superb effect.

An Old English Song by Farrar. *Love Has Eyes*. Bishop.

A Mendelssohn Trifle by Elman. Mischa Elman, Violinist. Capricietto, Mendelssohn.

One of a group of shorter pieces which young Elman uses for encore numbers. It is a delightful composition, and is played by the virtuoso with much charm, and with that wonderful tone and purity of intonation which have seldom been equaled.

A Magic Flute Number. Johanna Gadski, Soprano, assisted by Mmes. Sparks, Case and Mattfeld. Magic Flute (*Act II*), Mozart.

McCormack Sings Numbers by Marshall and Ronald. *Dear Love, Remember Me; Down in the Forest.*

Another Trovatore Air by Tetrazzini. *D'amor sull' ali rosee*, Verdi. Advt.

Miss May de Sousa, who is now playing the Princess in "Miss Caprice," announces her intention of remaining permanently in this country instead of returning to England at the end of her present engagement. For several years Miss De Sousa, although an American by birth has spent most of her time in London and has been very successful there. This is her first professional visit to her native land in five years and she has decided that the visit shall be permanent. Miss De Sousa is to remain under the Shubert management for a long time to come, and will probably be featured in another production next season. It is definitely decided, however, that she shall remain with "Miss Caprice" not only through its New York run, but also for the road tour of that piece.

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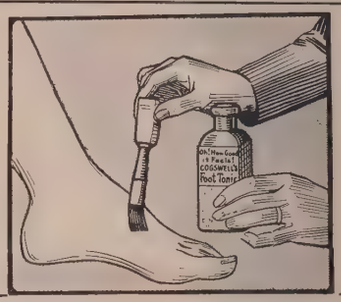

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Shakespeare Made to Pay

(Continued from page 158)

fifteen manuscripts submitted in the contest.

America might well emulate the spirit that pervades at Stratford during the festival week; we might well seek for some instrument of national education as effective, as far-reaching in cultural benefits as these performances. I cannot refrain from giving a sample repertory from April 24 to May 13, 1905, for by it one will see how varied the program, how readily an audience can become steeped in the Shakespearean drama.

First Week:	The Merchant of Venice (1).
	Comedy of Errors (2).
	Much Ado About Nothing (3).
	The Merry Wives of Windsor (4).
	Romeo and Juliet (5).
	Edward II (Marlowe) (6).
Second Week:	Richard II (7).
	Henry IV (Pt. 1) (8).
	Henry IV (Pt. 2) (9).
	Henry V (10).
	Twelfth Night (11).
	As You Like It (12).
	Hamlet (13).
Third Week:	Macbeth (14).
	Othello (15).
	Taming of the Shrew (16).

No wonder, with all this excellent show of effort, Benson should have been presented with the freedom of the town of Stratford in 1910!

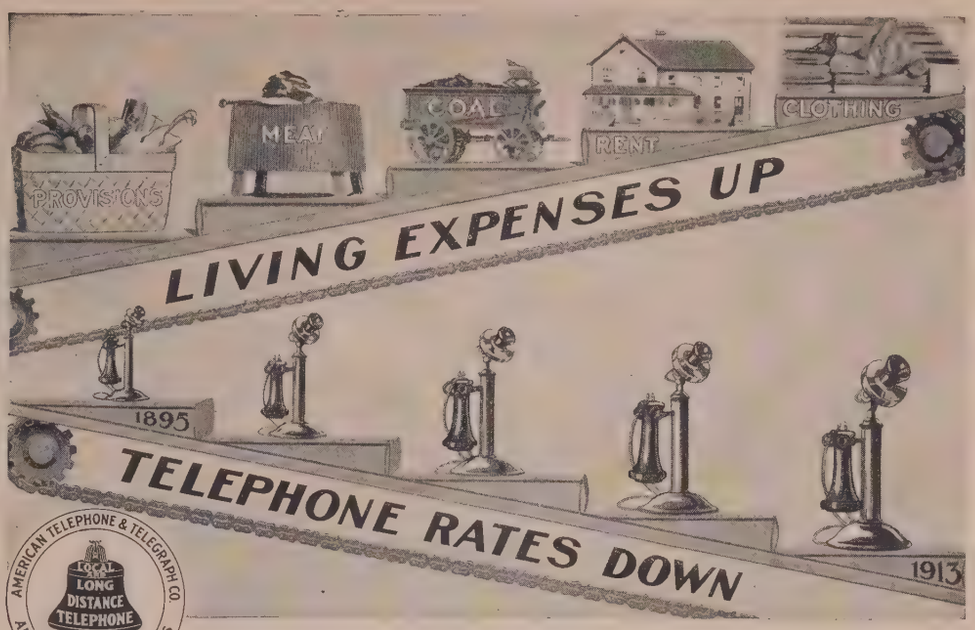
The spirit pervading the three weeks is strictly that of the festival, and both Mr. and Mrs. Benson have done much by their intellectual enthusiasm to foster it. They are interested in the folk revival, and Mr. Benson has been foremost in the pageant movement. But therein he has wasted some of his fortune. At one time he wrote an article on The National Theatre, and in it he said that "the handmaidens of art are self-denial, activity, and simplicity," all three of which characteristics might be applied to him. Believing in the stock school, he has taken a high way toward proving the soundness of his belief. Those who know the theatre will see much wisdom in his criticism of present conditions as showing a lack of technique, versatility and spontaneity. The modern school, he says, is wanting in breadth, force, elocution, grace, and freedom from self-consciousness. That is essentially the criticism of an idealist who has had some practice.

Mr. Benson comes to America under the auspices of the Stratford Shakespeare Association; his repertory will consist of fourteen plays. He will tour Canada and the United States, and he will be one of the attractive features of the Panama Exposition. In his own person he represents one of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Theatre. In many respects, therefore, he brings to us a bit of Stratford itself. It is unfortunate that the warmth and splendor of local association cannot be brought with him. Stratford during festival time has been the subject for many writers. Shaw has written about it; Mario Borso, that clear-sighted Italian journalist who saw the English stage so clearly, has praised it. But perhaps no one has been more eloquent about the Benson spirit than W. B. Yeats. I quote from his "Ideas of Good and Evil":

"I have been hearing Shakespeare, as the traveller in 'News from Nowhere' might have heard him, had he not been hurried back into our noisy time. . . .

"One passes through quiet streets, where gabled and red-tiled houses remember the Middle Age, to a theatre that has been made not to make money, but for the pleasure of making it, like the market houses that set the traveller chuckling. . . . It is certainly one's fault if one opens a newspaper, for Mr. Benson gives one a new play every night, and one need talk of nothing but the play in the inn-parlor, under the oak-beams blackened by time and showing the mark of the adze that shaped them. . . . Partly because of a spirit in the place, and partly because of the way play supports play, the theatre has moved me as it has never done before. . . . I have felt as I have sometimes felt on gray days on the Galway shore, when a faint mist has hung over the gray sea and the gray stones, as if the world might suddenly vanish and leave nothing behind, not even a little dust under one's feet."

Now is the time in America for the student to throw away his variorums and to see these fourteen of Shakespeare's plays, to get their very spirit. I have seen outdoor productions of Shakespeare and tasted of the very wine of his fun and romance. How easily one can get in a holiday humor; one may likewise get into a Shakespeare humor. Mr. Benson is to play an uncut version of "Hamlet"—God help the pa-



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tience of the audience that sits through it! I have! But apart from this announcement there is no archaeological dust attached to his coming. A dinner has just been given him in London, and Sidney Lee and Forbes-Robertson have both hailed Benson at his true value. He has been unswerving in his devotion to Shakespeare and he has done what London has not yet been able to do—established a national theatre. Those interested in theatrical art in England are striving through widespread subscription to establish what may be called the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in London, another name for the long dreamed-of National Theatre. But Benson has received little help from London. He has carved his own way on tour. MONTROSE J. MOSES.

Since the foregoing article was written, it has been announced that Mr. Benson and his company have decided not to include New York City in their American tour for the reason that the theatrical taste of our public has fallen so low. The official explanation is as follows:

The Board of Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, under whose direction the tour is made, have reached the decision not to send the company to New York. They will visit every other important city on the continent, with half a dozen exceptions, and will not sail for England until next June, when they return to give the annual festival at Stratford.

This resolution to shun New York was made largely because of the general tenor of plays that seems to engross the metropolis at this time. In doing this they are following the example of the Manchester Players. Miss Horniman's company which paid a visit to Canada last year, appeared for six weeks in Chicago, and, after playing in several New England cities, sailed back to England without ever touching New York.

This may seem like a slap in the face to the many-towered Camelot of America, but it cannot be said that it is wholly undeserved. New York has given more encouragement to cabarets and musical comedies than to those productions to which even its own critics have accorded the highest praise. It has become a "show town" instead of a theatrical centre for things worth while.

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The Theatre of the Future

(*Continued from page* 160)

GEORGE C. TYLER: "To paraphrase: The drama's themes the drama's patrons give. With the public taste reflected in the fact that almost every magazine is featuring detective yarns, the crime-serials are running daily in every other evening paper, is it to be wondered at that murder, sudden death, theft and blackmail dominate the stage of to-day? The public thirsts for blood and gets it. No one can predict on what queer tangent the public mind will be coasting twenty years from now. One thing, however, is certain. Plays will be better technically. Dramatic workmanship improves each year—so imperceptibly perhaps that it takes a decade to demonstrate an improvement of standard. Hardly a play of twenty years ago, produced without revision, could win success to-day. Would producers only realize this fact and re-work old plays, the worth-while things of the past would assume greater value for the present. There is no lese-majeste in expert revision. Shakespeare has been cut and altered to advantage. No external influence can ever stamp out the drama. It will last as long as human emotions. It sprang up independently in many regions that had no intercommunication—among the aboriginal Australians, the ancient Japanese, the inaccessible Thibetans, the early Greeks, and where not. It followed close upon human speech and may survive it."

JOHN CORT: "I don't want to say what I think the theatre will be like in twenty years. The truth isn't a flattering one to the public nor encouraging to the manager. The theatre in twenty years will probably be usurped by moving pictures."

OLIVER MOROSCO: "Twenty years from to-day American comedy will be the supreme comedy of the world. True comedy, in its healthiest, sanest, most virile essence, is our sole natural dramatic expression, for we are a nation young, unconquerably optimistic, full of dreams, having telefoto eyes constantly pulling distant to-morrows back into to-day. Europe will have been invaded by our drama as successfully as she has been invaded by our chilled pig and railroad steel. Drama is going to be the first American Art to successfully make the crossing."

ARTHUR HOPKINS: "The American stage in the past has been chiefly devoted to people who sought only amusement. The stage in the future must be devoted to people who seek ideas and thought, wrapped up in amusement. Thinking audiences not only attract finer plays but better performances and productions. They are quick to recognize good acting even though it be portrayed in a very minor rôle. With this sort of an audience any good play will succeed."

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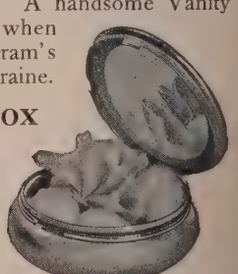

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SOME years ago a capitalist in Los Angeles erected a theatre near the corner of Sixth and Main Streets. It was a brick structure, plain but commodious; unornate, but with a huge and well-built stage and a thoroughly practical interior. Los Angeles was a scraggly, overgrown village. The theatre was a financial failure. A new management took it, and failed. Another tried with the same result. Still others tempted fate until at last twelve managers drifted on the rocks while trying to guide the playhouse into the harbor of success.

Exterior of the Burbank Theatre—Oliver Morosco standing in front

This was in June, 1900, and just about that time the treasurer of the Grand Opera House in San Francisco, a young man of twenty-three, quarreled with his father—who owned that theatre—because he was expected to be treasurer, press-agent and even janitor, all in one, or fifteen hours work each day, for which he received $15 per week, upon which he was supposed to support an invalid wife, his mother-in-law, and an infant son. As the Spanish-War summer went on, the pay of the 'Frisco treasurer did not mount with the thermometer; nor was the outlook for the Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles any more promising than before. About August 1st the Burbank manager departed for more profitable fields, and the young San Francisco treasurer, taking his sick wife, baby and mother-in-law under his metaphorical wing, wrathfully shook the dust of father's Thespianic temple from his feet, and went to Los Angeles. He rented two furnished rooms and the Burbank Theatre. No deposit on the latter was required by the disgusted owners; which was fortunate for the new manager, counting his total cash assets after the transfer from San Francisco, found that he possessed exactly seven dollars. The thirteenth manager to try this experiment took charge of the Burbank Theatre on August 13, 1900.

The new manager's name was Oliver Morosco, and thirteen had always been his lucky number. He had no company, and no means to assemble one. Travelling shows were all controlled by the Syndicate's magnate in Southern California, the late H. C. Wyatt. In a dilemma he suddenly thought of his friend, T. Daniel Frawley, an enterprising actor-manager with a company on the North Coast, but with few places in which to play. Frawley came to Los Angeles, his opening production being "Madame Sans-Gene," with Mary Van Buren and Mary Hampton the two principal women of his company. He had scarcely "caught on" in Los Angeles when Morosco hurried him away, the manager believing that a rolling stone is the only one which gathers no moss in the show business. Again the problem of finding an attraction. The next attraction was James Neill, presenting a company with Edythe Chapman as leading woman and the late Frank MacVicars as character man. The ingenue was a promising though very shy little girl named Julia Dean—last seen on Broadway in "Her Own Money."

The Neill company was followed by the Oliver-Leslie company—so-called because it was jointly owned by (*Continued on page xvii*)

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Big Earnings of Big Plays

(*Continued from page* 155)

100,000,000 people there are to-day only about a dozen native writers for the stage who are making big money writing plays. Even some of those who have succeeded in "getting over," as it's called in theatrical parlance, when one writes a play with a "punch," fail to reap the reward. For instance, the drama "Across the Continent," which put $2,000,000 into the pockets of the actor, Oliver Doud Byron, brought only a few paltry hundreds to its author, the late J. J. McClosky, who, up to the time of his death the other day, held a position as clerk of the City Court.

Remarkable as are records of "The Lion and the Mouse," "Within the Law," "The Little Minister," "Bunty Pulls the Strings" as money makers, none of these modern plays have yet eclipsed in earning power some of the old plays such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Old Homestead" and "Rip Van Winkle," whose vitality and popularity seems inexhaustible. Joseph Jefferson began playing Rip in 1860 and continued playing it until his death—a period of forty-five years.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," dramatized from Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, without the authoress' consent, has been performed over 25,000 times and is still being given all over the United States.

The probability is that it will continue to be presented in dramatic form as long as our stage endures. It is a classic of our stage. Its total earnings as a play are estimated at five millions of dollars, and some of our best actors, including Jefferson and Mrs. Fiske, first made their stage appearance in it.

Another big money maker has been "The Old Homestead," which has a curious and eventful history. The play as seen to-day is a modification of a one-act sketch called "The Female Bathers," hardly any trace of which remains. In this piece was a bewhiskered country rube (our old friend John Whitcomb), at whom the bathing girls poked fun and inveigled into all kinds of situations. The part of the old farmer was played by Denman Thompson, who, even at that early date, had acquired a reputation as a portrayer of old Irish characters. The play was not a success, the public would have none of it, and Thompson conceived the idea of doing away with the half clad young women and making it a highly moral play with rural types and a boy who goes wrong in the big city. In the new form it was an immediate success. Its earnings far exceed $2,000,000, of which at least $500,000 went into the pockets of the late Denman Thompson.

With the exceptions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Rip Van Winkle" it holds the record for the longest run on the American stage. Denman Thompson appeared in it for thirty-two consecutive years.

Probably the earliest of the big theatrical money makers was "The Black Crook," which created a furore half a century ago at Niblo's. Produced September 12, 1866, the piece took the town by storm.

"The Black Crook" made a specialty of tights, which in those days were a startling novelty, there having been no intermediate stage from the short petticoat to the tight hose. The more the clergy denounced the half clad ballet, the more eager the town crowded to see it. The success was unparalleled. The house was crowded for months. In the history of the stage the world over no other continuous run of a single play had ever extended over so long a period or brought so much profit to the management. It is said that the spectacle brought to the theatre treasury considerably over $1,000,000.

"Erminie," produced at the Casino during the Aronson régime, holds the record for the largest run in this country of any operetta. It was given 1,256 performances at the Casino, and earned for the composer, Jacobowski, $120,000 in American royalties alone.

"The Two Orphans" was another big money-maker two decades ago. The famous French play reaped profits of over $2,000,000.

Dion Boucicault made several fortunes with his plays, but he spent the money so fast that no one can tell exactly what he did make.

Other big money makers were the Hoyt farces which gave their author a fortune of over half a million; "Rip Van Winkle," which has already earned over a million; "Ben Hur," now in its fourteenth year and which has yielded so far $250,000 net profit; "Way Down East," sold by the author for a pittance and which has produced a fortune, and "Trilby," which gave a snug fortune to Paul Potter. Among other more recent theatrical gold mines are "Kismet," "Strongheart," "Peg o' My Heart," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," "Checkers," "Broadway Jones," "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," etc. X. X.

AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 148)

tinn, Scotti, Alda, Amato, Gilly, Bori, Gadski, Hempel, Homer, Matzenauer, Burrian, Urlus, Martin, Jörn, Braun, Weil, Goritz, Griswold, Didur, Witherspoon and De Segurola—to mention a few—they will all be heard again.

The new Metropolitan artists include a famous German mezzo Soprano, Margarete Arndt Ober, from Berlin; a Berlin tenor named Rudolf Berger; two Italian tenors, Giovanni Martinelli and Luigi Marini; two American contraltos, Sophie Breslau and Lillian Eubank, and two new baritones, Robert Leonhardt and Carl Schlegel. There will be a new stage manager, a German named Franz Hörth. The three first conductors will again be Toscanini, Hertz and Polacco. It all bodes well for performances of unusually high artistic standard.

Oscar Hammerstein, who has been out of the field of grand opera in New York since he sold out to the Metropolitan Opera House, intends re-entering the arena this fall, and it plans to give a season of French, Italian and English opera. His novelties, thus far announced, will be Massenet's "Thérèse" and Erlanger's "Aphrodite." The latter work will probably be the offering at the inaugural performance of this new opera house. His *personnel* is almost completely made up of newcomers here, but many of them are names that have won fame in other lands. Chief among the familiar names is Maurice Renaud, the eminent French baritone, who was a member of the Manhattan Opera House ensemble for four years; another artist from those ranks, who is to return, is Augusta Doria, a contralto; then there is Orville Harrold, American tenor; and still another American singer not unknown here is Alice Gentle, who is expected to make her début on this grand opera stage in the rôle of Carmen.

The new foreign artists include Maria Barrientos, a coloratura soprano famed in Italy, South America and Spain; Marthe Chenal, one of the foremost singers on the ranks of French lyric sopranos, and who has been a member of the Paris Grand Opera and the Opéra Comique. Then there are two Bellincioni's, mother and daughter. The former is Gemma Bellincioni, an eminent dramatic soprano whose fame extends far beyond her native Italy, and with her is her daughter, Bianca Stagna-Bellincioni, a light soprano. Cecile Thevenet, a contralto from the Paris Opéra Comique and Cesare Vezzani, a noted tenor from the same institution, occupy important places in Mr. Hamerstein's *ensemble*. From the Paris Opera there will be heard a basso, Theodore Marvini, and other bass rôles will be sung by Henry Weldon, of Brussels. The musical director will be Giuseppe Baroni, an Italian leader of note. Other artists include Victoria Fér, a French dramatic soprano; Desirée Serishevich, soprano from Moscow; Nina Morgana, an Italian heard here in light opera, Odette Fontenay, from the Opéra Comique; Giuseppe Paganelli, a Lyric tenor from La Scala; Raphael Diaz, an American tenor who has sung in South America; Giuseppe Danise, from La Scala, and Marcus Kellerman—both baritones. The corps of conductors will include Gaetano Merola and Josiah Zuro, both remembered from their work here.

There remains but little space in which to tell of the welter of concerts. The number of orchestral concerts is overwhelming. The Philharmonic orchestra will give forty concerts; the Symphony Society of New York will play about thirty; the Boston Symphony will give ten concerts. In addition there will be people's Symphony Concerts, Russian Symphony concerts, Italian Symphony concerts and many others.

As for soloists and recital artists, their number is legion. Ignace Paderewski returns after an absence of four years to play the piano as he alone can; Nellie Melba, who has not been heard here in several seasons, returns to give recitals; Jan Kubelik, violinist; Harold Bauer, pianist; Titta Ruffo, baritone; Eugene Ysaye, violinist; Carl Flesch, Hungarian violinist; Clara Butt, contralto, and a host of others—they all come to make music.

There must needs be mention here of the season of "People's Opera," given in the Century Opera House by the Century Opera Company, Milton and Sargent Aborn, managers. The opening performance, September 15th, was "Aïda," sung in English. It was really a most commendable performance at popular prices. The scenery and properties were mostly those of the Metropolitan, ensuring a series of artistic stage pictures; the principals had fresh voices, the conductor gave a spirited and temperamental interpretation of the work. It all looked as though this new scheme of popular opera in English were beginning its career on a much higher plane than many had anticipated, and the outlook seems good for the success of the venture.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 146)

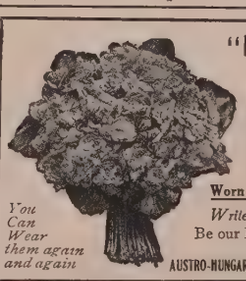
construction or execution, but it is mightily effective, and in this production serves a distinct purpose in presenting Grace George in a rôle that shows how finished and polished is her art as a comédienne, and how capable she is in sounding the deeper notes of human experience.

Lillian Garson, well born, has married or been married to a rich bounder for his money. As the curtain rises he is taunting her on her dependence on his money. As the exchange between them gets more acrimonious he starts in to choke her. This is too much for Lillian, who, on his departure, goes to the telephone and notifies her admirer, Hugh Paton, that she is coming to him. As the curtain rises on scene two, his chambers, Paton is receiving this same telephone message. Enter Lillian. They arrange to elope to Egypt, she explaining that she has just six pence. Before leaving her home she has placed her jewels and a note in a desk notifying her husband that the end has been reached. Paton rushes out for some necessities of the voyage and a few minutes later Dr. Brodie enters with the intelligence that the young lover has been run over by a motor and instantly killed. When he discovers Lillian was not the dead man's wife he urges her to instantly disappear. What to do? With no resources there is nothing to be done but to return to her brutal husband. Thus the action returns to scene one, where Garson is fuming over his wife's non appearance as they are giving a dinner. Two guests arrive, and Garson finds the jewels. He is mystified, and the conversation rouses his suspicions as Dr. Brodie, who has arrived, tells of the tragic incident in which he played a part. Enter Lillian. She and the Doctor had never met save in the lover's rooms. There is a pointed conversation between them, and the curtain drops after Lillian surreptitiously and successfully extracts the incriminating letter which the husband overlooked. The Doctor then takes Mrs. Garson in to dinner. The husband was really magnificently acted by H. E. Herbert, and a middle class couple capitally played by Alfred R. Dight and Daisy Belmore.

ASTOR. "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE." Farce in two acts by George M. Cohan, founded on the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Produced on September 22nd with this cast:

William Magee, Wallace Eddinger; Elijah Quimby, Edgar Halstead; Mrs. Quimby, Jessie Graham; John Bland, Purnell B. Pratt; Mary Norton, Margaret Greene; Mrs. Rhodes, Lorena Atwood; Peter, Joseph Allen; Myra Thornhill, Gail Kane; Lou Max, Roy Fairchild; Jim Cargan, Martin L. Alsop; Thos. Haydan, Claude Brooke; Jiggs Kennedy, Carleton Macy; The Owner of Baldpate, John C. King.

This play is a novelty in many ways. An author who writes novels in the class of the "best sellers" makes a wager with a friend that he can write a book of that kind which would fall under the class of "best sellers" inside of twenty-four hours. He stipulates that he must be in seclusion and undisturbed. To this end his friend provides an inn on the top of a mountain, the inn being a summer resort, and now, in the winter time, being a disuse. He is told that there is but one key to it, which he is to obtain from its caretakers, an old man and his wife. They tell him all the talk of the neighborhood, mentioning an old hermit who occasionally appears as a ghost. The novelist is made comfortable, the caretakers building a great fire in the open fireplace, and preparing his room for him. The novelist is soon disturbed, however. A handsome woman, a newspaper reporter, announces herself, telling him that she is to report the outcome of the wager. These two fall in love. At intervals others come, each with a key, intruding upon this novelist. In all we have Seven Keys to Baldpate. Without establishing the order of their entrance, it is enough to say that this inn has been selected as the place for the meeting of certain politicians and railroad officials to carry out a scheme for robbing the city. The Mayor is to be bribed to turn over a franchise to a certain railroad. Two hundred thousand dollars, in one thousand dollar bills, has been deposited in the safe at the inn.



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Two thieves, knowing of this, come to steal this money. One of the women in the scheme plans to get her share of it by blackmailing. At the close of the first act the novelist, after having been disarmed once, succeeds in disarming the others, and hold them at the point of a pistol until the police can arrive. The telephone plays a part in all of this of course. The crooks get the uper hand of the novelist, but he has sent the money away by the newspaper woman. In a quarrel that ensues between the crooks the blackmailing woman is shot and supposed to be killed. Her body is carried off to a room upstairs. When the police officer arrives with his men, the novelist is accused of having committed the murder. The body cannot be found. The hermit has carried it to the cellar. She turns up alive presently. In the meanwhile, the newspaper woman has been overtaken and the money recovered. The police officer telephones to his wife to meet him in Canada, for that's where he is going with the money. At this junction the money is thrown into the fire and burned. The play ends on the appearance of the friend who has made the wager with the novelist, and he explains that the supposed crooks are friends of his whom he had sent with instructions to interrupt the writing of the "best seller."

The various characters who had acted together in the pretended drama removed their wigs and other characteristic means of disguise; but it appears that the novelist, in spite of the interference, had managed to write his "best seller," which of course, gives the details of what he has gone through during the night. Necessarily, the acting of this ingenious story had much to do with its pleasant and impressive effect.

Wallace Eddinger was the novelist. All the acting parts are good, and the cast was chosen with that unerring discrimination of a good stage-manager, such as Mr. Cohan is. Gail Kane, as the blackmailing woman, deserves praise. Margaret Greene is excellent as the reporter, as also Jessie Graham, as the wife of the caretaker.

PRINCESS. One-act plays. "THE BLACK MASK." Tragedy in one act by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Produced on October 9th with this cast:

James Glasson, Willie Strick, Holbrook Blinn; Vashti Glasson, Emelie Polini.

When the management of the Princess Theatre arranged the programme for its second season it was found that even the sophisticated audience invited for the dress rehearsal shied at two of its features. A change in the theatrical menu therefore had to be made. Now the charming little playhouse of "shocks and thrills" presents a quintuple bill which, if not ingenuous in its make-up, at least comes within the pale of accepted modern decency.

For dramatic strength, apt construction and real literary value of expression, "The Black Mask" easily bears off the palm. A grim tragedy of life among the miners of North England, by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood, it suggests in spirit Masefield's "Nan." James Glasson has been so horribly disfigured in an accident that he is compelled to wear a black cap that covers his scarred features. His wife, bored to death by his devotion to work and this hideous black reminder, listens to the rude love making of her husband's cousin, Willie. They had been lovers once. When James goes away to see a doctor a rendezvous is planned; but it is critically interrupted by the husband's return. There is a struggle between the two men and James is apparently killed. It is planned to cast his body into an abandoned shaft, and until the lover's can get away Willie is to wear the black mask. While the wife is out of the kitchen, getting a new one, which she tosses to him, James revives; there is a second struggle and the tables are fatally turned. Then Vashti, the wife, unsuspecting, helps her husband dispose of the lover's body. On the return she goes to her room. There is a second's pause. James arms himself with a knife and creeps up the stairs. As he enters the door he is seen removing the mask—there is a shriek of agony and the curtain falls. Not a cheerful subject but a play of genuine thrills, and acted with grewsome power by Holbrook Blinn in the dual rôle of husband and lover, and by Miss Polini as Vashti.

"A PAIR OF WHITE GLOVES." Drama in one act by André de Lorde and Pierre Chaine. Produced with this cast:

Sonia, Willette Kershaw; General Greoff, Holbrook Blinn; Alice, Dallas Tyler: Maitre d'Hotel, Vaughan Trevor; Waiter, Lewis Edgard.

This playlet is from the French by André de Lorde and Pierre Chaine. A beautiful Russian,

(*Continued on page xvii*)

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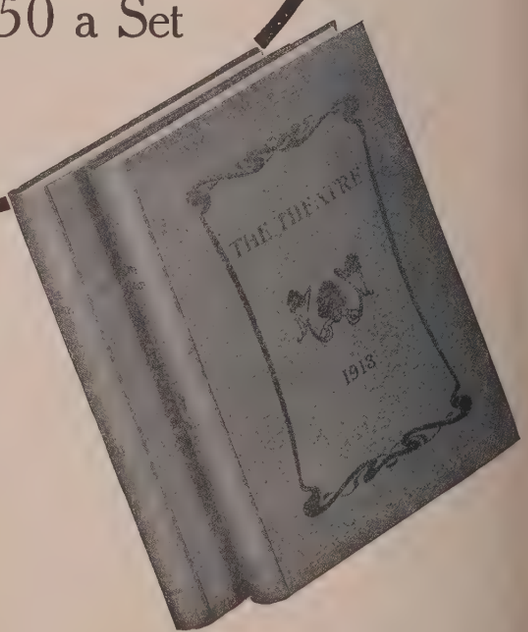

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THE BURBANK THEATRE

(Continued from page x)

Oliver Morosco and his elder brother, Leslie—headed by William Beach and Helen McGregor. There were no prominent names in this organization, but its steady success paved the way for future triumphs. The Oliver-Leslie company gave way to the Neill-Morosco corporation which was also a success. Then was organized the Oliver Morosco company, a galaxy of players whose record of good all-round performances has, in all probability, seldom been surpassed in American theatricals. The fortunes of the Burbank Theatre now began to mend. Morosco was able to secure plays as rapidly as released for stock, and, by following the travelling companies in quick succession, he became a dangerous competitor of the high-priced organizations sent out from the East.

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page xv)

whose husband has been brutally killed by General Gregoff, poses as a London typist and makes him fall under her spell. At supper in a private room she plies him with drink and then strangles him with her long, white gloves, effecting an ingenious escape by the aid of a fake detective. Miss Willette Kershaw played the vengeful siren, and by a method peculiarly her own made her dramatic moments really convincing. It was a very fine portrait of the brutal, lecherous and sodden Russian that Mr. Blinn painted in broad and slashing strokes.

"Felice." Play in one act by Hernaiz Becerra.

The third dramatic piece by Mr. Hernaiz Becerra told the story of an artist who hid from the police a woman who had shot a man for his baseness to her. There was a struggle in the artist's soul when he discovered that the murdered man was his dissolute brother. But when the emissaries of the law were for breaking into the room where she was hidden they balked when told that the nude model within was the commissary's wife. An ineffective wordy trifle that was not worth the doing.

"En Deshabille." Comedy by Edward Goodman.

For the comedy aspect there was an interlude in which the attempt at smart dialogue somewhat overreached itself. Gregory is about to go to bed and is in his pajamas. Enter Clair, who, oblivious to his presence, prepares to retire. There is an interchange of views, largely material when it is discovered that they are a separated man and wife brought together again by the kindly efforts of a friend. For a climax, the lights are extinguished. Miss Kershaw again had the leading part which she acted with charm and individuality. Mr. Blinn was not so happy in the opposite rôle. A lighter touch would have helped the effect.

"The Bride." Comedy in one act by William Hurlbut.

In conclusion was presented "The Bride." Maurice D'Aubiac prepares to leave his bride for at least three days. The parting on his part is a trying one, but she has arranged that one of the three of her previous admirers shall visit her on each night of his absence. To her anxiety, all arrive the same evening. Each has a valuable present for her, but its presentation in every case is to be made with the coming dawn. Each lover is hidden from the other, and when the husband unexpectedly returns, the wife skilfully has the trio arrested and searched to her valuable enrichment. Miss Polini as Clarice, who seemed to know a thing or two, acted in the true spirit of successful farce. Mr. Ellis was the husband. He seemed to fix his style on W. J. Ferguson. It is a pity there is such a nasal tone to his voice production. The three lovers were characteristically presented by Messrs. Edgard, Trevor and Blinn. The bride is distinctly clever and amusing, while the costumes, France *circa*, 1825, give a very picturesque touch to Mr. Hurlbut's amusing but unmoral comedietta.

IRVING PLACE. "So'n Windhund." Farce in three acts by Curt Kraatz and Arthur Hoffmann. Produced on September 25th.

"So'n Windhund," produced at the Irving Place Theatre by way of opening the new season, is another one of those rip-roaring farces, meager of plot, replete with action and rapid-fire conversation which seem to continue to find favor with German audiences.

The Windhund (the "gay young dog" one might translate it) with what he terms "American methods of taste," manages to get everybody into scrapes with one hand and out of them again with the other. He wins a political campaign for a friend, reconciles that same man to his wife by relieving him of the conscience-troubling presence of a former flame; he helps the bashful into matrimony (and incidentally himself, too), and by getting the Order of the Blue Elk for himself and his political opponent for introducing a Duke to an actress, manages finally to placate his only enemy and have everybody satisfied.

The acting, smooth, varied and intelligent, gives promise of a winter's good entertainment at the Irving Place Theatre. Otto Stoeckel, who played the title part had lines as long as Hamlet's which he reeled off with all the dash and lovable rascality necessary. Heinrich Matthaes, a much heralded comedian, played a self-made contractor and unmade grammarian with theatrically unconscious humor that merited him much laughter and hearty applause. But the funniest thing in the whole performance was the silent love duet of two bashful lovers, played back-stage by Annie Simson and Christian Rub. They might just as well have been down by the footlights with the limelight turned on full, for the rest of the actors could do nothing nor did the audience care what they did so long as the exaltation of young love lasted. That was a tid-bit of comedy.

LYRIC. "The Escape." Play in four acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced on September 20th with this cast:

May Joyce, Catherine Calvert; Mrs. Joyce, Jessie Ralph; Jim Joyce, James A. Marcus; Jenny, Anne McDonald; Larry, Harry Mestayer; Jerry McGee, Charles Mylott; Dr. Von Eiden, Jerome Patrick; Senator Gray, George Farren; Rev. Dr. Yates, Seth Smith; Marsac, Crosby Little; Bronson, Benjamin Piazza; Mills, Frederick Block.

"The Escape," which recently terminated a somewhat limited run at the Lyric, might be described as a play depicting four phases in the life of a shop girl. It was from the pen of Paul Armstrong who, like so many of the younger playwrights and novelists of the day, are bent upon picturing scenes in the underworld and tenements for the sake of exploiting their views on the sociological needs of the time. Mr. Armstrong's work was in keeping with his task. When he had a human, truthful scene to handle he did it well. When he preached false philosophy and bathos he fell by the wayside. There was some excellent acting; Jessie Ralph as the mother, James A. Marcus as the bibulous father, Harry Mestayer as the gangster and Anne McDonald as Jenny were true pictures of familiar East side types. The young doctor was played with great earnestness and sin-

(Continued on page xxii)

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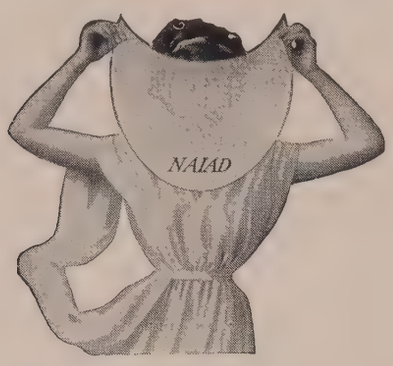

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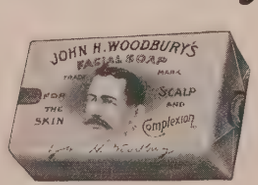

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Photo White

A rich brocaded satin wrap with modish touch of fur and rich passementerie, worn by Hattie Williams in her "That is Love with a capital L" song in "The Doll Girl." The coat is lined with purple to harmonize with her gown and the Pirroit ruche is of a lighter shade of the same color.

Photo White

A négligée of blossom pink chiffon and shadow lace worn by Natalie Alt in the second act of "Adele," and largely responsible for the happy ending of that delightful musical comedy. A less attractive woman than the dainty Adele would be irresistible in such a robe and cap, the latter ornamented with pearls.

Photo Bangs

A modified Minaret gown worn by Hattie Williams in the first act of "The Doll Girl." It is developed in white chiffon bordered with cherry-color poppies and lace, and trimmed with velvet ribbon in the same vivid coloring. The picturesque hat is a semi-transparent affair of chiffon trimmed with velvet poppies, and the parasol is of the same material as the gown, a forecast of a Summer fad.

Photo White

Under her marvellous evening coat, Hattie Williams wears, in the last act of "The Doll Girl," this very pleasing frock with its absence of fripperies and frills. The treatment of the bordered material used for the skirt is admirable for the woman who cannot afford to detract from her height. The frock and border are of chiffon in dahlia shades.

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Photo by White

To a group of such stunningly gowned women it is difficult to bid farewell, as one learns in the first act of "Adele."

At Paquin's, the artist Drian is designing a set of toilettes for Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys. Some are very "décolletées," some are extremely original. One was made of a leopard skin laid crosswise, so that the centre of the animal's back rests on the centre of the back of Gaby Deslys. The oddest effect imaginable is that the four paws and the tail hang loosely on either side down to the ground, two long openings in the skin itself forming armholes. The mantle is finished off by a collar in silver fox falling to the waist.

There are cloaks at the furrier, Max's, made entirely of leopard skins, but without paws or tail. Another mantle destined to be worn by Gaby Deslys is in blue tulle embroidered with large black velvet roses and bordered to a depth of 75 or 80 centimetres by fox tails. The sloping line of the mantle rising slightly in front causes these tails to fall together, one on the other, in a strangely effective manner.

As trimming to a tulle and velvet dress, Drian has imagined a broad collar in white fox descending to the waist and a muff to match. The muff is made in two bands of white fox fur on either side of a fold in black velvet; the fold, after forming the muff, hangs loosely down the skirt and ends in a silver fox-tail that reaches to the ground; the white fox on the muff veiled in black mousseline de soie.

Such a muff may be made in any kind of fur, while the effect produced by the long falling fold is lovely.

Drian has some very pretty evening gowns in spangled tulle, in embroideries of black and white jet. One very pretty one is of white mousseline de soie fringed with white and black beads, with a front embroidered in beads; the bodice, a slight corselet held up by a string of beads upon the shoulders, was entirely formed by a wide arabesque of beads at the back; the clinging skirt swept in a long, very narrow tail, ending in a tassel of beads.

Another gown was entirely made of white tulle in flounces edged with ostrich feathers.

The most deserving of notice is one in black spangled tulle. The front, which folds around the form and terminated in a long train, was made of tulle closely spangled, resembling nothing so much as the scales of some strange fish with changing hues like metal varying with every movement of the wearer. The train is square and at each corner it has long slip of this scaly stuff.

The square shape for the train of a skirt will be in great favor for evening gowns.

Doeuillet has also spangled dresses. Sometimes the tunique alone is spangled and worn over soft satin; at others the contrary mode is adopted and the sheath skirt is spangled, while the tunique is silk, in white and black stripes or in brocade. The wide stripes of black and white is in favor at Dinard during the "Grande semaine" for the sumptuous reception of Mrs. Hughes Hullet, where the cream of elegance of France and America is accustomed to meet.

The gown worn at the last fête of Dinard by Mrs. Potter Palmer was in black and white stripes with a tunique of rare lace. The same afternoon Lady Girard wore a gown in black and white striped linen. Mrs. Moore wore a white dress edged with black. Mrs. Fenwick and Miss Robbins had exquisite gowns, pale blue and pale pink voile, edged with a narrow band of blue and pink swansdown. Mrs. Leishman, wife of the American Minister, spent the race week at Deauville.

Photo by White

A robe, regal in its suggestion, worn by Georgia Caine in the second act of "Adele." The body of the gown is of net with shimmering opalescent embroidery. The detachable train is of black satin lined with emerald green, the vividness of which is shown in a clever drapery at the waist. The Oriental headdress is of silver with black paradise.

Photo Bangs

One of the new lamp shade gowns, slighty modified, which is worn by Fannie Ward in "Madam President." The gown is a filmy affair in several layers of well chosen colorings of most transparent materials with a stunning introduction of black. The hat is particularly striking and the cleverly mounted aigrettes add considerably to the height of the dainty comedienne.

Photo Bangs

Not the least of the success of Fannie Ward in "Madam President," is due to her exquisite gowns, out of which she slips so easily. In the last act of this amusing play she wears this élégante toilette of white cloth with ermine and a cleverly manipulated black velvet girdle and a beautiful hat of fur, velvet lace and white aigrettes.

Martial et Armand have some remarkable models for evening wear. One with front of skirt and extreme point of train in rich red broché satin; two flounces of lace form the tunique; sheath skirt beneath in satin, front of bodice with full bunch of black velvet over bare arms a motif in jet.

At Margaine Lecroix they have a very pretty taffeta dress, the upper portion made in two deep, equal-sized plaits all around the skirt resembling flounces, yet softly turned up like tucks, the lower portion quite flat and edged with fur, the sleeves, the bodice and top of the skirt lightly gathered.

The afternoon gowns should be chosen in ribbed or in stamped velvet, raised in front so as to lend a slightly forward sweeping motion, free from the clinging skirt, or else drape the front in a long fold; you will attain a most effective gracefulness of line.

For the evening gown, crêpe de chine in the brightest tints are used, while for the afternoon gown a blending of mauve and black seems to be in favor.

Gowns that are semi-couturier, semi-tailor-made, Martial et Armand show some new things. One is a costume with a caracul skirt and a long china-blue crêpon jacket; black tulle sleeves trimmed at the top with caracul.

An original idea is that of having an organ plait on either side of the basque, while the centre is flat, so that the line from neck to slope of the back is absolutely straight. It is a new and extremely pretty effect.

For day, checks are the rage, a costume in one kind of stuff, but either the jacket or the skirt in check. If the costume is all in the check stuff, then the cuffs and facings must be plain, in black, dark brown or cherry colored cloth. A small collar in bright-colored woollen stuff is very pretty if you like it.

Evening mantles, though frequently draped loosely, are also made of capes laid one above the other. One very pretty one is formed of five capes in bronze-colored, plaited tulle, each separate cape daintily edged with a strip of sable, a narrow sable collar fastened by two bands of sable interwoven with strings of beads knotted in front. The mantle may be made in soft satin, in taffeta or in satin cloth.

Another elegantly designed mantle is that by Paul Poiret in soft satin, held in at the waist by a loose belt of embroidered braid.

The favorite trimming for evening wraps are straight bands, gathered flounces of velvet or of satin and fringes of beads—beads in gelatine or in wood. small, opaque and shiny or large and dull.

Drecoll has some pretty and really comfortable woollen mantles for travelling or for the motor car, made in ordinary stuff such as woollen-velvet or thick serge.

These wraps are in the worm of a skirt and a kimono, the cut of which can be varied. They are short in back and fall in long sleeves with long fronts, or else they are short in front and hang low at the back. They are little mantelettes or simply kimonos over a kind of flat skirt.

The wraps are as varied and absolutely exquisite in their variety of color; they are creamy white, greenish, mauve, brick red, pale yellow.

They are generally worn with shawl-shaped collars, made in fur in plain silk, in broché, or in Eastern embroidery, standing out dark upon the lighter cloak or light when the cloak itself is dark.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page xvii)

cerity by Jerome Patrick, and a very good-looking *jeune premier* he is too. To Catherine Calvert fell the task of impersonating May Joyce. Admirable in the first act the emotional requirements of the later scenes were beyond her.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE MARRIAGE MARKET." Musical play in three acts by M. Brody and F. Martos; music by Victor Jacobi; lyrics by Arthur Anderson and Adrian Ross; adapted by Gladys Unger. Produced September 22nd with the following cast:

Edward Fleetwood, Donald Brian; Senator Abe K. Gilroy, George T. Meech; Bald-Faced Sandy, Guy Nichols; Mexican Bill, C. Vandiveer; Shorty, Winship Fink; Tabasco Ned, Arthur Dauche; Cheyenne Harry, Arthur Metcalf; Hi-Ti, Edwin Burch; Captain of *Mariposa*, Frank Adair; Lord Hurlingham, Percival Knight; Blinker, Arthur Reynolds; Mariposa Gilroy, Venita Fitzhugh; A Middy, Cissie Sewell; Emma, Moya Mannering; Dolly, Irene Hopping; Pansy, Elizabeth Wood; Peach, Viola Cain; Dora, Gene Cole; Dolores, Marie Annis; Kitty Kent, Carroll McComas.

The cowboy, gradually disappearing from plays of the day, has taken refuge in opera, and he makes a good showing. Fortunately, "The Marriage Market" is not all cowboy. The principal cowboy, for that matter, was never really a cowboy at heart or by social breeding. What he is and what he does was ordained by two German writers of comedy, Brody and Martos, and their work has been adapted by Gladys Unger, done first, we believe, at the London Gaiety, with music by Jacobi, additional lyrics by Adrian Ross and Arthur Anderson, and then produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre by Charles Frohman. With so many different forces at work the product was necessarily worth the while. The story of the opera is a consistent one, and is something more than the customary makeshift of half or not at all connected things. Donald Brian, well known, much expected of, and popular from his predominance in recent greatly successful operas, carries lightly his responsibility as the entertainer-in-chief. As a cowboy he attends the marriage market, the annual auctioning off of the marriageable girls, in Southern California, and bids in the prettiest of course. This girl and her father take it as a lark and not as a binding transaction. The girl, with some of her companions, is spirited away by her father on his yacht. The lover, as could not happen otherwise in comic opera, is one of the sailors. It is needless to say that the lovers are finally united with something more than a sailor's knot. This happy result was largely and decisively promoted by Mr. Brian's dancing. The songs, in the main, were captivating, while the dancing, in variety and quantity, confirmed the success of the opera long before the fall of the final curtain. The opera was staged in the manner characteristic of Mr. Frohman's management.

FULTON. "SHADOWED." Play in four acts by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced on September 24th.

Evidently local playwrights have exhausted the crook as a dramatic subject for James Forbes was forced to go abroad for a play of this kind. Its title was "Shadowed," and for just a week it held the boards at the Fulton Theatre. The play did not get over for there was nothing new in its story while the treatment if capable was not sufficient to make up for a paucity of invention and surprise.

48th STREET. "THE SMOLDERING FLAME." Play in three acts by William Legrand. Produced on September 23rd.

The freedom of the stage as an open forum for the discussion of all subjects of human concern cannot be denied, but, whatever other limits may be imposed, absurdity is a boundary line that the oldest cannot cross. "The Smoldering Flame," which had a hearing, for one night only, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, fell so far short of justifying itself that it was a fortunate circumstances that the Gerry Society reached out its long and obdurate arm and prevented its continuance because two children were employed in it. The theme and purpose of the play were probably not primarily intended for sensation, but if the author designed to be sensational with what he thought a good end in view he failed. What he did was to reduce to an absurdity the desire of woman to motherhood. The piece was well acted. In many ways it was well written. Some of its scenes were capital and entertaining. It had the services of Fernanda Eliscu, Forrest Robinson, Conway Tearle, Marie Day and Maud Sinclair (capital as the old Aunts), Amy Lee, Maude Knowlton and others.

LIBERTY. "HER LITTLE HIGHNESS." Musical play in three acts by Channing Pollock and Ren-

"The Witchery of the Orient"

It would seem that the inspirations of the master creators this season have been wafted to them on the East Wind—for at a recent dinner given by Paul Poiret in his Parisian home, the gowns exhibited might have been brought from the Harem of the Grand Mogul, so imbued were they with the alluring charm of the Orient.

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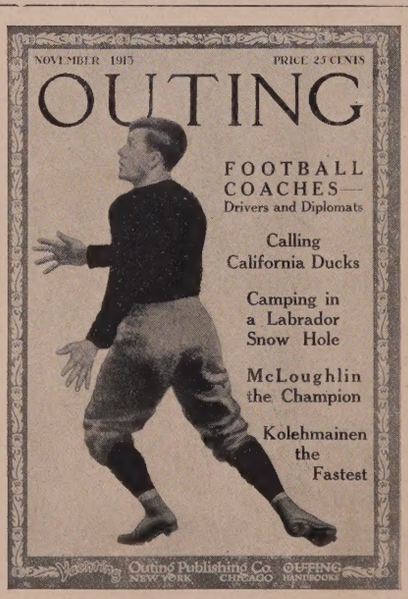

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nold Wolf, with music by Reginald De Koven. Produced on October 13th

"Her Little Highness," the operatic version of Mr. Channing Pollock's "Such a Little Queen," served to introduce to popularity Miss Mizzi Hajos, a young actress who has youth, comeliness, daintiness, grace and intelligence. The vivacity and animation, of the original play were obscured by the operatic interpolations and structural changes, but there was compensation in the new treatment of the material, for scenic effects were introduced, while song and dance were pushed to the fore. In one act of the opera occasion was made for the introduction of the Tango and other dances now in vogue. These were led by Wallace McCutcheon, noted for his proficiency in them.

GARRICK. "MADAM PRESIDENT." Farce in three acts adapted from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Veber by José G. Levy. Produced on September 15.

At one time, some years since, theatre after theatre was given over to the exploitation of French farce. But there was hardly one of these plays that did not first have to undergo some deodorizing or expurgating process. Nearly all were clever at least in construction, for in this type of play the French are adepts. Then came the inevitable slump. The field became worked out and public interest dropped to nil. Mr. Charles Bancroft Dillingham evidently believes the time is at hand for a revival of interest and he is therefore presenting at the Garrick Theatre Miss Fannie Ward in José G. Levy's adaptation called "Madam President." The original authors were the Parisians Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Veber. It is always easy to read between the lines in productions of this kind. "Madam President" was evidently very much spicier in the vernacular than it is in its present form. As it is, it is more suggestive in its naughtiness than in its actualities. It is a very good farce of its kind, but at best the kind is cheap, hardly vicious, and is certainly unworthy the efforts of two such sterling players as George Giddens and W. J. Ferguson, who have, however, spent a good portion of their professional lives in farces of this kind and origin. Madam President is Gobette, an actress who no better than she should be, disturbs by her witching charm more than one household. Miss Ward plays this rôle with much enthusiasm and a liberal display of diaphanous lingerie. The action is swift and continuous in which Pattie Browne enacts the stolid wife of the staid old President of Gray with much humor. Giddens as the husband is inimitable in his dry, quaint way and as the chief usher at the ministry. Ferguson presents one of those finished portraits for which he is famous of sly and significant humor.

IRVING PLACE. "DER GUTE RUF." Play in four acts by Hermann Sudermann. Produced on October 8.

One thing one may be sure to find at the Irving Place Theatre—and that is good acting. The plays vary greatly in worth and interest and are sometimes nothing more than time-wasters for actors and audiences, but the playing is always uniformly satisfactory. The no-star system which prevails in this German stock company results in a smoothness and finish—especially in ensemble work—from which American production companies might learn a great deal. Thoroughness is not a mythological quality of these people.

This is a satire on modern life in Berlin. It might apply aptly to the society of any large city to-day which practices the rankest hypocrisy in order to maintain its "respectability." Those who cherish their "good name" most carefully are, of course, those who have cause to fear its loss, while the one woman who is indifferent about her reputation is the only one who is truly honest and moral. Though Sudermann has here delineated a set of clearly cut characters and worked out a number of thrilling scenes, he has so complicated his plot that he frequently clouds the issue and piles climax upon climax until one fairly prays for a simple conclusion.

Charlotte Krause in the leading rôle showed force and surety in the handling of a difficult character.

IRVING PLACE. "KASERNENLUFT." Drama in four acts by Hermann Martin Stein and Ernst Sohngen. Produced on October 15.

A drama in four acts which deals with the injustices and cruelty of enforced military service. About the central theme—the love-story of the young recruit who is hounded and maltreated by his superior officer, the victims of a horrible jealousy—is richly enveloped in the local color of a small German Army post.

To the two women in the cast—Grete Meyer and Annie Simson—should go special praises.

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